# JULIUS CÆSAR

THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

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THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

# THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

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# GENERAL PREFACE

In this edition of Shakespeare an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Æsthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition.

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# INTRODUCTION

## 1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY

THE earliest known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of the *First Folio*, 1623, in which the plays were for the first time collected. We have no knowledge of the text on which it was based; but the passages that show distinct signs of corruption are few: the readings are rarely open to serious question.

The date of the earliest performance of the play can be determined with close approximation. *Julius Cæsar* is not mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, published in September, 1598, and was therefore almost certainly not then in existence. Evidence for its existence in 1599 comes from three independent sources.

(1) In Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) are the lines —

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

These lines, for which sufficient basis cannot be found in Plutarch, or in any other historian, are evidently a reminiscence of Shakespeare's scene (iii. 2). In his *Dedication*, Weever declares that his work "some two years ago was made fit for the press."[1] While not conclusive, for Weever may none the less have inserted the allusion as an afterthought, this passage points strongly to a date not later than 1599.

(2) In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* (1599), iii. 1, the character Clove, in a mock-philosophical speech, begins a sentence with the words, "Then coming to the pretty animal, as reason long since is fled to animals," plainly with allusion to iii. 2. 109 of our play. The phrase "Et tu, Brute," which occurs in the

[1] Cited by Elze, *William Shakespeare* (1876), p. 352.

same play of Jonson (v. 4), may also have been introduced because of the currency given to it by Shakespeare.

(3) Thomas Platter, of Basle, who visited London in 1599, records in his journal that on the 21st of September he crossed the river with a party and "saw in the straw-thatched house the tragedy of the first emperor Julius Cæsar very nicely acted, with about fifteen persons."[1] There were at this time on the Bankside only two theatres where plays were given: the Globe, occupied by Shakespeare's company, known as the Lord Chamberlain's men, and the Rose, occupied by the Lord Admiral's men, under the management of Philip Henslowe. Both theatres had thatched roofs. In the light of the other evidence that Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was produced in 1599, there can be small doubt that the play seen by Platter was this play, and that the theatre was the Globe, the more so as from the absence from Henslowe's *Diary*[2] of any record of performances between June 3 and October 6, 1599, it is at least possible that the Rose was closed during this interval and the company on tour.

The date 1599 agrees well with the metrical evidence (see Appendix C), which indicates that the play belongs to the middle period of Shakespeare's workmanship; is earlier than *Hamlet*, and about the same period as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*; *i.e.* between 1592 and 1602.

The character of the play accords well with the date indicated. Shakespeare seems to have finished all the English historical subjects that interested him with *Henry V* in 1599, and it seems improbable that until that was done he would have gone farther afield. (*Henry VIII* was written to order later.) Moreover, the play constitutes in certain respects a new departure. The earlier tragedies were primarily tragedies of action; this is primarily a tragedy of character. It is more meditative and more complex; the thoughtful note which is characteristic of the comedies named above is prominent, but the philosophic interest does not predominate as in *Hamlet*, nor is there the same intensity of emotion as in the later tragedies.

## 2. SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The sole literary source of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was Plutarch, whose *Lives* he read in North's translation (the mistakes of which he several times repeats, showing that he had not read the

[1] G. Binz in *Anglia*, xxii. 458.
[2] Ed. Greg, i. 92.

original).[1] North himself translated (1579 and 1595) not from the Greek, but from the French translation by Amyot (1559). The passages from North used by Shakespeare (with the exception of a few detached sentences quoted in the notes) will be found in Appendix A.

A Latin play on the same subject was performed at Oxford in 1582, from which the "*et tu, Brute*" may have been derived; and mention is found of other plays dealing with it. But whether Shakespeare's play was at all affected by these, we have no means of ascertaining.

## 3. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY

When Shakespeare set himself to write a historical play, it was not primarily his intention to educate his audience in historical details of which they had been previously ignorant; but he wrote as a dramatist who happened to have found in the pages of history an interesting story to tell. He treated Plutarch and Holinshed very much as he treated Boccaccio. He had not any great regard for accuracy of detail for its own sake, caring only for its dramatic interest. And for that end, speaking broadly, it was of much more importance to follow accepted popular tradition than to defy tradition for the sake of strict historical precision. We all know that in the case of the stories that are most popular in the nursery, children resent any variation on the version to which they are accustomed; and the great public takes very much the same view. Now it may be a very good thing for the child to have a revised version forced upon it, and it doubtless is an excellent thing for the great public to be set right in matters historical; but the dramatic interest suffers if your audience — child or great public — has its attention turned to cavilling at your innovations instead of to the leading motives of the story.

Therefore in telling the story of the fall of Cæsar and of the conspirators Shakespeare deliberately accepted the familiar version as presented in the English translation of Plutarch. It was no part of the dramatist's business to see whether Plutarch told the truth in everything; whether his estimate of the conspirators was just; whether the supernatural accompaniments were credible in themselves. It was legitimate from his point of view to use anything and everything that was dramatically effective, and to reject everything unsuited to his purpose.

[1] See notes to i. 3. 134; i. 3. 148; iii. 2. 254; v. 1. 101 ff.

That Shakespeare followed his original as closely as he has done is no small tribute to the admirably artistic character of Plutarch's narrative. There is hardly a point in the play which is not directly suggested in the life of Cæsar, or Brutus, or Antony. None of the characters vary appreciably from their portraits as drawn by Plutarch. The very arguments used in the various discussions are reproduced from the same source. Omens and portents reappear with hardly a change of importance except in one particular — the substitution of Cæsar's ghost for Brutus's "evil angel." In short, the whole of Shakespeare's material is in Plutarch; yet the play is as completely original, as entirely Shakespearean, as a picture by Turner is a Turner and nothing else. To say that Shakespeare borrowed from Plutarch would be a good deal like saying that Turner "borrowed" from a landscape.

The play of *Julius Cæsar* has one characteristic in a very much more marked degree than any other of Shakespeare's plays — in the way in which it is pervaded by the notion of irresistible Destiny. Some such effect accompanies almost of necessity any serious introduction of the supernatural; but neither in *Macbeth* nor in *Hamlet* is the idea present with anything like the same force as in the play with which we are now dealing, though it accompanies Octavius through *Antony and Cleopatra*. The feeling that the events of greatest import in the world's history are beyond the manipulation of the actors in them — that in these high matters, at any rate,

> "There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will" —

seems to permeate the whole play. Cæsar sometimes speaks as if he would have said of Destiny what he does say of Danger —

> "We are two lions littered in one day";

yet it is he who asks,

> "What can be avoided,
> Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?"

Cassius can proclaim with Epicurean fervor that

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings";

but even he is thoroughly possessed with the sense of *doom* at the end of the play. And the whole of the supernatural ma-

chinery is utilized to further this same effect. If the overruling powers so will it, we cannot calculate that the normal result will follow any given act or event. The owl hooting in the market-place is simply a reminder that the ultimate control of things is beyond calculation or human management. And most of all, the idea is embodied in the person of the boy Octavius, who impresses one throughout as the instrument of Fate: triumphant over Brutus and Cassius, and one day to triumph over Antony, not because he is nobler or abler than they, but because he is the chosen means for fulfilling the will of heaven.

At the same time it would be an error to base any argument as to Shakespeare's own belief in omens, spirits, and the like on his use of them in the play. They are appropriate dramatically because they are part of the accepted narrative. Whether the things reported ever actually took place, or are really credible, is of no consequence; they are true, so to speak, as illustrations, whether true or not in fact. There is nothing in the tale as told in the play of which the stoutest sceptic need complain. In most of the signs and portents, from the appearance of the owl down to the slaying of Cassius with the very sword that killed Cæsar, there is nothing inherently incredible. Casca's assertions in i. 3 and Calpurnia's in ii. 2 are made in each case by a person in an extreme state of superstitious alarm. All these things intensify the feeling of doom; they affect us, so to speak, with the electricity in the atmosphere; but they do so independently of the view we may take of their explanation, and they convey no hint of what Shakespeare himself believed. It is characteristic of the great dramatist that he never does give us a clue to his own opinion on most subjects. None the less, we often fall into the mistake of assuming that if any of his characters pronounces an opinion with which we agree, that was Shakespeare's own view; and if another pronounces a view with which we disagree, that was not the opinion of Shakespeare. In fact, as with life in general so with Shakespeare's plays: every man finds there conclusive proof that his own ideas on any subject are correct.

So it may plausibly be argued from this play that Shakespeare was a republican or a monarchist, a naturalist or a supernaturalist, that he condoned or condemned assassination — the plain fact being that he no more sets about teaching views than Nature does. He shows us the truth of things, and lets his characters tell what they think about them, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. And just as we can draw from an examination of natural objects

or actual events inferences and conclusions with a considerable degree of certainty, so we can extract lessons and guiding principles from Shakespeare's plays. They are the same lessons, the same guiding principles, which we should extract from an intelligent study of the life around us; only that we are relieved from the difficulty of having to disencumber ourselves of trivial and barren details which are often misleading. The salient facts are collected for us denuded of superfluous circumstances.

Although the play is named after Julius Cæsar there is no question that in fact the hero of the piece is Marcus Brutus. So far at least as character is concerned the interest he inspires altogether overshadows that of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and we are somewhat apt to draw from a hasty reading a more superficial and erroneous idea of the other principal performers than is usual in Shakespeare's plays.

Thus the first idea that we get of Cæsar is that he is a good deal of a braggart, decidedly superstitious while pretending to a contempt for superstition, overweening, with more gasconade than real dignity; justifying, or at any rate fairly excusing, the bitter terms in which Cassius speaks of him. Nevertheless a closer study reveals something very different. Cassius cries out in amazement that

> "A man of such a feeble temper should
> So get the start of the majestic world,"

and we are inclined to agree. But to Antony he is

> "the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times."

Brutus calls him "the foremost man of all this world," and says

> "I have not known when his affections sway'd
> More than his reason";

so that the position requires to be reconsidered. The explanation seems to lie in this, that Cæsar appears in the flesh at perhaps the least favorable moment in his career: the brief instant in which he might be excused for allowing himself to lapse into arrogance. He has attained complete mastery: the last remnant of open opposition has just been crushed at Munda, and the great conqueror stands on a height such as had never yet been attained by mortal man.[1] There is plenty for him yet to do, but in the brief interval

[1] Ferrero (*Greatness and Decline of Rome*, ii. 306) has shown that in reality Cæsar's position was not nearly so strong as it has commonly been represented, but Shakespeare is, of course, following Plutarch.

the strain is relaxed; for the time he can afford to give rein to the frailties of his nature and display the weaknesses of ordinary men. In the play we are shown nothing of the means whereby he attained to that eminence — the greatness is taken for granted. We have but here and there the touch that reminds us of it, in the shrewd characterization of Cassius which marks the judge of men; in the right kingly "What touches us ourself, shall be last served." Now, it is the human frailties of Cæsar that make the attitude of the conspirators intelligible. Cassius argues his whole case on the ground that Cæsar himself is no better man than his neighbors. But it is the greatness of Cæsar which justifies the *dénouement*. The conspirators from Brutus down had read him wrong. While he lived he was the incarnation of the new, inevitable order of things. When slain, he is not dead; he is the spirit pervading the world, the good angel of Octavius as he is the ill angel of Brutus. Perhaps that is why the vision recorded in Plutarch is changed to the apparition of Cæsar's ghost. In his person the conspirators attempted to overthrow destiny; it is by the murdered Cæsar that they themselves are overthrown.

Cassius is perhaps more liable to misinterpretation than any other character in the play. We are tempted at first thought to suppose merely that he was an ill-tempered man with a personal grudge against Cæsar, and that he concocted the conspiracy solely to satisfy his rancor, inveigling others into it by assuming the airs of a patriot while plotting to gratify his personal spleen at the expense of almost unlimited bloodshed.

These merely personal motives, however, are quite insufficient. The idea of being the slave of a man no better than himself —

> "I had as lief not be, as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself" —

is abhorrent to him, and his bitterness is indefinitely increased by his misconception of Cæsar himself. But his hatred of the tyrant needs to be reinforced by his genuine political hatred of monarchy in the abstract. He will in no wise endure to be a bondsman himself; but, though only in a secondary sense, he would have all Romans free. He cares little whether Cæsar is formally crowned, but that Cæsar or anyone else should have absolute power is intolerable. He is perfectly honest in his sentiments; they are not invented to deceive Brutus. He wants Brutus to share the leadership at least, not to make a mere tool of him. From end to end of

the play, he does his best to induce Brutus to take his own view of what ought to be done; but he always gives way if his persuasion fails. Cicero is excluded; Antony is spared, and subsequently allowed to speak at the funeral; the fortunes of the conspirators are staked on a great battle — in each case Cassius withdraws his opposition in deference to Brutus, whom he loves; in each case we know that Brutus is wrong and Cassius right: yet Cassius has no reproach for his colleague, attempts no rivalry with him, acts throughout with an admirable loyalty. And to appreciate all this fully, we must remember that he is drawn always as a man with a fiery temper, irritable and passionate, to whom it is singularly galling to be crossed.

Certainly Cassius is not a hero. His moral standard is not of the highest. When he has an end in view, he has no inclination to be scrupulous about the means. He has no qualms of conscience in the matter of removing Antony as well as Cæsar; he will not cavil at the measures taken by his lieutenants for raising money —

> "In such a time as this, it is not meet
> That every nice offence should bear his comment."

He allows his political convictions to be colored by his personal feelings, his "affections sway more than his reason" to an extent that is utterly destructive of statesmanship. But if that applies to his hatred of Cæsar, it applies no less to his love for Brutus. In spite of his angry temper, his followers are devoted to him: Titinius slays himself on the body of his dead chief; to Brutus he is "the last of all the Romans." And intellectually he stands out from the rest of the conspirators as incomparably the shrewdest; the man who can take the initiative; who sees the course that policy requires; who understands other men and knows their true value and danger, unless he is blinded by personal prejudice. He reads Casca like a book; he can even manage Brutus to some extent; he alone recognizes the latent capacities of the arch-foe Antony.

It is the moral elevation of Brutus that makes us forget the great qualities in Cassius; and in that moral elevation is the essence of the tragedy, because it is in great part directly responsible for the failure, the ultimate defeat, of the project to which Brutus had devoted himself. This is a rather dangerous statement on the face of it, requiring some explanation.

The problem with which Brutus has to deal is complex; the motives that stir his coadjutors are various. No one knows better

than the arch-conspirator, Cassius, that the assassination is very difficult to justify, and that most of those who take part in it are not actuated by a spirit of abstract justice; that the cause is not good enough to depend for success on strenuous moral conviction. Now had every man engaged in the conspiracy been as Brutus was — unmoved by personal resentments and jealousies, and wholly convinced that the act was right — the movement would have been attended by that moral force which would have carried public feeling irresistibly along with it. As it was, public feeling could be counted on to only a very limited extent, and required to be supported by the active exercise of physical force. Brutus, strong in his own conviction of the righteousness of his cause, measuring his companions and even the general public by his own standard, confident that it needs nothing more than a plain statement of the case to ensure the support of any honest patriot, insists on being content with the death of Cæsar himself, on letting loose Antony to fire the popular mind, on letting go the means absolutely required to make a miscellaneous army efficient. The purity of his own motives prevents him from seeing the selfishness in those of his companions, or the immense moral weight thrown into the other scale by the spectacle of Cæsar falling beneath the daggers of men whom he held among his dearest friends. When Brutus is fully convinced that the act is right, it seems to him that the fact that he, "Cæsar's angel," endorses it must convince every one that its justification is overwhelming. But to the world the act really appears to be one of rank personal treachery and disloyalty. Brutus loved the man he slays, but slays him for the general good; to the onlookers he seems to repay the trust of Cæsar by murdering him. In fact, the conspiracy is a moral shock to the world, and it is therefore utterly hopeless to carry through the policy intended on high moral grounds alone. It follows then that the enterprise is foredoomed to failure, unless, in the employment of means, the dictates of expediency are allowed to carry weight against those of abstract justice.

In his very blindness to this lies much of the beauty of Brutus' character. He is so single-minded himself that he cannot realize the duplicity of others; so unselfish, that he credits every one else with a like purity of motive. Having made up his mind that a certain course will be right if it can be carried out in completeness, he never asks whether it can be so carried out without stooping to base methods, such as he will never countenance. The merely practical person, having fixed on the end, adopts the surest means

without consideration of their moral justification; the entirely unpractical person assumes that because the end is desirable, it must be attainable by means of which he will approve. It is possible, however, to be as conscientious as Brutus, without ceasing to be practical — but then the cost must be counted beforehand, and the fact that the end cannot be attained will be recognized.

Brutus fails, therefore, because his unselfishness, his genuine patriotism, his conscientiousness, are combined with a want of judgment, an ignorance of men, a want of insight in affairs, which utterly unfit him for leadership. He is not wrecked by the vacillation of Hamlet, the passion of Othello; he does not swerve because he has a divided mind, nor suffer feeling to outweigh reason; but he reasons wrongly. He trusts his own judgment, because he does not realize that the assumptions from which he reasons are incorrect. He has lived with books, and does not understand the world around him. Cæsar's dictatorship fills him with dismay; but it is not so much the actual absolutism which shocks him as the fear that Cæsar will claim a crown: whereas Cassius cares little about the coronation except so far as he can use the fear of it as a lever to get rid of the monarch. He judges Antony by prepossessions — no man of the world would have assumed that there was nothing to fear in Antony because he was given "to sports, to wildness, and much company"; or have been soothed into cheerful trustfulness by his artfully-worded message. He takes for granted that a Roman mob will placidly accept his assurance of high motives, and be convinced by his nicely-balanced reasoning — without a suspicion that the entire effect might be scattered to the winds by a skilful appeal to popular passion. He sternly rebukes Cassius for wringing "from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash," and would never dream of doing it himself; but it never occurs to him that when he calls on Cassius to aid him with supplies he is practically compelling his colleague to resort to such pressure in order that he may have supplies to give.

It is thoroughly consistent with all this that he is unconsciously open to flattery, and ready to be beguiled by it; for that is part of his own supreme honesty. Never stooping to flattery himself, conscious of his own integrity, he assumes a like honesty in his companions; he counts their praises as genuine expressions of conviction, not artful methods of persuasion; he sees no double meanings, because his own meaning is always so simple and direct. It is a phase not of conceit, but of simplicity. This simplicity is in fact the keynote of his character; its combination with his natural

tenderness of disposition makes the man so lovable. This tenderness comes out in the way he yearns over Cæsar himself and over the woes he is bringing upon the Roman world; and in his gentleness to the boy Lucius, his consideration for Claudius and Varro, his affection for Portia, his readiness to be reconciled with Cassius; it justifies the warmth of the regard that all his followers show for him; it explains the fact that his arch-enemy has words to say of him as kindly as his dearest friends. In fine, he is a very noble gentleman, seeking to accomplish what could be effected only by a very able man. Being both unpractical and impracticable he fails completely; and yet he leaves in our minds the feeling that the high panegyric pronounced over his dead body by Antony is well deserved, and that it comes most fittingly and rightly from his most implacable foe.

The character of Antony is not developed in this play; in its strength and weakness it is fully presented in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Its most salient features are shown in the great scene of the funeral oration, and will be found treated at considerable length in the notes. Perfectly remorseless, he has very strong affections and is genuinely devoted to Cæsar, while he is capable of a generous appreciation in Brutus of virtues that he himself lacks. His great capacities are to be wrecked by his uncontrollable passions; but as yet the passions have not broken loose. What impresses us here is his extraordinary brilliancy and power of rising to a crisis, combined with the intensity of his personal feelings, and his complete lack of scruples. He has no hesitation in abusing the trust reposed in him by Brutus, and in absolutely defying the spirit of his promise while he adheres to its letter; nor has he any qualms about using Lepidus as a temporary tool, to be tossed on one side when convenient. When his personal feelings are stirred and his affections warmly engaged he is ready to face any danger or difficulty; but he has no sense whatever of moral obligation.

Octavius is his foil — as cold and calm and stubborn as Antony is fiery and impulsive; as remorseless, as unscrupulous, as unflinching — we feel here, as we feel with treble force in *Antony and Cleopatra*, that he is resistless, unvanquishable, the chosen instrument of Fate that will not be denied.

The parts of Portia and Calpurnia are small, but they afford an effective and artistic contrast in their appropriateness as the wives of their respective husbands. Calpurnia is merely Cæsar's shadow; she is devoted to him, but seems to have no independent existence; she makes no claim to be accounted his companion, but

allows her fears to render her importunate — not for trust and confidence, but to have her way. Portia, on the contrary, has a marked and vigorous personality; her womanly fears are as strong as Calpurnia's, but she will not let them master her. If her husband is to be in danger she would fain share it; if she may not do so in the body she claims the right to be with him in spirit; but she will in nowise allow her fears to hamper his action. Not till she feels that she has put her powers of self-control to the proof, not till she knows herself worthy, does she claim her right to stand forth as her husband's counsellor and comrade; but when she does claim it, it is not as a favor but as an uncontrovertible right.

There are only two others of the *dramatis personæ* who need some reference here — Casca and Cicero. Each, rather curiously, affords an instance of slight deviation from Plutarch. Of Casca's character, indeed, the historian gives very little suggestion. But he mentions that at the assassination Casca cried out *in Greek;* whereas Shakespeare makes him scoff at Cicero for quoting Greek, much as an ultra-insular Englishman might scoff at a French quotation. In the play Casca assumes prominence, not as a particularly important conspirator, but to serve as a foil to Cassius. He is without strength or decision of character, but eager to pass for an honest, sturdy citizen. Afraid of Cassius' cleverness, he wishes above everything to get credit with him for being clever and energetic; and he is generally ready to profess entire agreement with anyone who expresses himself vigorously enough. The extravagance of his superstitious terrors is merely another phase of the same weakness that he commonly endeavors to conceal under a mask of cynical indifference or *brusquerie*.

Though Cicero speaks very little and is spoken of hardly more, we have a singularly distinct impression of him: a man with the emotional irritability of a passionate orator (i. 2. 185), and the sententious manner of one who esteems himself a philosopher (i. 3). We observe also that his adherence to any cause would give it an air of respectability (ii. 1. 141), but that Brutus objects to him on the ground of his dislike to regarding anyone else as his leader. It is in this last point that the divergence from Plutarch appears, where the conspirators are described as rejecting him on the ground that he was too timid to commit himself loyally to so dangerous a scheme. Shakespeare's outline is in fact thoroughly consistent with all we know of the man; but on the particular point it is pretty certain that Plutarch was right. Shakespeare's conception of him was probably derived from casual impressions picked

up from incidental allusions to the great orator which he had come across in his miscellaneous reading.

Although there is abundance of action in the play, the whole drama is one of character rather than action. This is the justification of the fourth act, which somewhat impedes the action, but strengthens the feeling of reality in the whole, because it explains how Brutus and Cassius managed to work together; how, with tempers so opposite and with such different conceptions of the task before them, they were not sundered as Antony and Octavius were subsequently sundered; while it affords an admirable opportunity for drawing out the most fundamental characteristics of the two men.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR
MARCUS ANTONIUS
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS — Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar

CICERO
PUBLIUS
POPILIUS LENA — Senators

MARCUS BRUTUS
CASSIUS
CASCA
TREBONIUS
LIGARIUS
DECIUS BRUTUS
METELLUS CIMBER
CINNA — Conspirators against Julius Cæsar

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS . . . . . Tribunes

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos . . . . . A Teacher of Rhetoric

A Soothsayer

CINNA . . . . . A Poet

Another Poet

LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA
YOUNG CATO
VOLUMNIUS — Friends to Brutus and Cassius

VARRO
CLITUS
CLAUDIUS
STRATO
LUCIUS
DARDANIUS — Servants to Brutus

PINDARUS . . . . . Servant to Cassius

CALPURNIA . . . . . Wife to Cæsar

PORTIA . . . . . Wife to Brutus

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE — ROME; the neighborhood of SARDIS; the neighborhood of PHILIPPI.

# JULIUS CÆSAR

## ACT I

### SCENE I — *Rome. A street*

*Enter* FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*Sec. Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
*Mar.* May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

### Scene II — *A public place*

*Flourish. Enter* Cæsar; Antony, *for the course*; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!
*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
*Cæs.* Calpurnia!
*Cal.* Here, my lord.
*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord?
*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
*Ant.* I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "do this," it is perform'd.
*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Flourish.*
*Sooth.* Cæsar!
*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?
*Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.
*Cæs.* What man is that?
*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.
*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.
*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*
*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course?
*Bru.* Not I.
*Cas.* I pray you, do.
*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now: of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
*Bru.* Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
*Cas.* 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter* Cæsar *and his Train*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling

scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good: I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

## Scene III — *The same. A street*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides,* Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
*Casca.* Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
*Casca.* A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

*Enter* Cassius

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.
*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, — why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

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*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noble-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

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*Enter* Cinna

Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II

### Scene I — *Rome. Brutus' orchard*

*Enter* Brutus

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

*Enter* Lucius

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?
*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Bru.* It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* Lucius

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*
*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter* Lucius

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
*Bru.* 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter* Lucius

*Luc.* Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
*Bru.* Is he alone?
*Luc.* No, sir, there are moe with him.
*Bru.* Do you know them?
*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
*Bru.* Let 'em enter.
[*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators,* Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
*Cas.* Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
*Bru.* He is welcome hither.
*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.
*Bru.* He is welcome too.
*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
*Bru.* They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?
[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
*Casca.* No.
*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not: let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
*Cas.* Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —
*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.
*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.
*Treb.* 'T is time to part.
*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter* Portia

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.
*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.
*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter* Lucius *with* Ligarius

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?
*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
*Lig.* Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
*Bru.* Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*

### Scene II — *Cæsar's house*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* Cæsar, *in his nightgown*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

*Enter a* Servant

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Calpurnia

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter* Servant

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.
*Cal.* Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter* Decius

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.
*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
*Cal.* Say he is sick.
*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
*Cæs.* The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter* Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* Antony

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
*Bru.* [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III — *A street near the Capitol*

*Enter* Artemidorus, *reading a paper*

*Art.* "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus." 10
Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Scene IV — *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus*

*Enter* Portia *and* Lucius

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the Senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the* Soothsayer

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## ACT III

### Scene I — *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above*

*A crowd of people; among them* Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others*

*Cæs.* [*To the Soothsayer*] The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last served.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.
*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart, — [*Kneeling.*
*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar, —

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar, —

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

*Re-enter* Trebonius

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a* Servant

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.
*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
*Bru.* But here comes Antony.

*Re-enter* Antony

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony, —

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.
*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
*Ant.* Be it so;
I do desire no more.
*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*
*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a* Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

## Scene II — *The Forum*

*Enter* Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. 10
[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear

friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter* Antony *and others with* Cæsar's *body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!
*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.
*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.
*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.
*Bru.* My countrymen, —
*Sec. Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
*First Cit.* Peace, ho!
*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
*Fourth Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
*Ant.* You gentle Romans, —
*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.
*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
*Third Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back; room; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Cit.* O woful day!

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a* Servant

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III — *A street*

*Enter* Cinna *the poet*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter* Citizens

*First Cit.* What is your name?
*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?
*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?
*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?
*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly.
*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.
*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Fourth Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV

### Scene I — *A house in Rome*

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table*

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent, —

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.
*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?
*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
*Oct.* So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
*Oct.* You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II — *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent*

*Drum.* *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and* Soldiers; Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them*

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. [*Aside.*] A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

*Bru.* Hark! he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him. [*Low march within.*

*Enter* Cassius *and his powers*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*First Sol.* Stand!
*Sec. Sol.* Stand!
*Third Sol.* Stand!
*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —
*Bru.* Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
*Cas.* Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III — *Brutus' tent*

*Enter* Brutus *and* Cassius

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To underservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.
*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
*Cas.* I durst not!
*Bru.* No.
*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!
*Bru.* For your life you durst not.
*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.
*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
*Cas.* I denied you not.
*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.
*Cas.* You love me not.
*Bru.* I do not like your faults.
*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.
*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worse, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
*Bru.* And my heart too.
*Cas.* O Brutus!
*Bru.* What's the matter?
*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
*Poet.* [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet
They be alone.
*Lucil.* [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
*Poet.* [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter* Poet, *followed by* Lucilius, Titinius, *and* Lucius

*Cas.* How now! what's the matter?
*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: — for with her death
That tidings came; — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter* Lucius, *with wine and taper*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

*Re-enter* Titinius, *with* Messala

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?
*Bru.* No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
*Bru.* With what addition?
*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscription, Cicero being one.
*Cas.* Cicero one!
*Mes.* Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.
*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.
*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.
*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
*Mes.* No, my lord.
*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.
*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
*Cas.* I do not think it good.
*Bru.* Your reason?
*Cas.* This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.
*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
*Cas.* No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
*Bru.* Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

*Re-enter* Lucius, *with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter* Varro *and* Claudius

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.
*Bru.* It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.
*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.
*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of* Cæsar

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! 295
Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V

### Scene I — *The plains of Philippi*

*Enter* Octavius, Antony, *and their army*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

*Enter a* Messenger

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?
*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

*Drum.* *Enter* Brutus, Cassius, *and their army;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.
*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.
*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.
*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
*Cas.* Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
*Ant.* Not stingless too?
*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
*Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
*Oct.* So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!
*Ant.* Old Cassius still!
*Oct.* Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
*Lucil.* [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
*Cas.* Messala!
*Mes.* [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
*Cas.* Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
*Mes.* Believe not so.
*Cas.* I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly! that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II — *The same. The field of battle*

*Alarum. Enter* Brutus *and* Messala

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overflow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III — *Another part of the field*

*Alarums. Enter* Cassius *and* Titinius

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter* Pindarus

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
*Tit.* They are, my lord.
*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
*Pin.* [*Above*] O my lord!
*Cas.* What news?
*Pin.* [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus *descends*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Titinius *with* Messala

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

*Alarum.* *Re-enter* Messala, *with* Brutus, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.
*Cato.* He is slain.
*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
*Cato.* Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius set our battles on:
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV — *Another part of the field*

*Alarum.* *Enter fighting.* Soldiers *of both armies; the* Brutus, *young* Cato, Lucilius, *and others*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.* Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner!

*Sec. Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*Enter* Antony

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. — *Another part of the field*

*Enter* Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispers.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then! no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Voluminus,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, "Fly, fly, fly!"

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter* Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, *and the army*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"
*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

# NOTES

## ABBREVIATIONS

| | |
|---|---|
| Abbott . . . . | Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, 3d edition. |
| F 1 or F . . . . | First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays. |
| F 2 . . . . . | Second Folio (1632). |
| F 3 . . . . . | Third Folio (1663 and 1664). |
| F 4 . . . . . | Fourth Folio (1685). |
| Ferrero . . . . | Ferrero's *Greatness and Decline of Rome*, 5 vols. |
| New Eng. Dict. . | *A New English Dictionary*, ed. Murray. |
| Plutarch . . . . | North's Translation of Plutarch's *Lives*. |

For the meaning of words not given in these notes, the student is referred to the Glossary at the end of the volume.

The numbering of the lines corresponds to that of the Globe Edition: this applies also to the scenes in prose.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

The principal authority consulted in preparing these notes upon the *dramatis personæ* has been Ferrero. Taken in connection with the extracts from Plutarch (Appendix A), they will serve to show how far Shakespeare's presentation of his incidents is in accord with the facts, as at present understood. The characters omitted (as Publius, Varro, etc.) are unhistoric.

*Gaius Julius Cæsar* — born 100 (some say 102) B. C. His ancestry was of the noblest blood of the aristocrats. It was supposed to reach back on his mother's side to Ancus Marcius, the Roman king, and on his father's to Æneas, the founder of the Roman nation. At the age of fourteen he was made a priest of Jupiter by Marius, who had married his aunt, and who was leader of the popular as opposed to the aristocratic party in Rome. When only seventeen he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, who had succeeded Marius as leader of the popular party. By this marriage his alliance with the party of the people was made complete. A few months later Sulla, successful general of the aristocrats, was made dictator and a reign of terror for members of the popular

rty began. Sulla demanded that Cæsar should divorce his ung wife because she was Cinna's daughter. He refused; a price as set on his head, but he was saved from Sulla's wrath by the in- rvention of friends. He left Italy to take part in the siege of itylene, then went to Bithynia on a mission to Nicomedes. n Sulla's death he returned to Rome, and unsuccessfully rosecuted two of Sulla's generals. He then went to Rhodes to udy oratory under Molon, who was also Cicero's teacher. ne adventure of his capture by pirates occurred on his journey Rhodes. In 74 he raised a small force to check a revolt in e towns of Caria. Returning to Rome in 73, he became suc- essively pontifex, quæstor (68), ædile (65), pontifex maximus (63), rætor (62), and consul (59). During his quæstorship he married s third wife, Pompeia, the granddaughter of Sulla. He is elieved to have been secretly implicated in the schemes of Catiline, 66. As ædile, he gave games and spectacles of unusual lavish- ess, and restored the trophies of Marius. About 61 he divorced ompeia. In 61 he went to Spain as proprætor. In the year of s first consulship he married Calpurnia. About this time he rmed a political alliance with Pompey and Crassus. He secured r five years the proconsulship of Illyria and Cisalpine and Nar- onese Gaul. From 58–49 he was busily engaged in subduing aul, which he "annexed" in 57, but he kept in close touch with ffairs at Rome. In 56 the triumvirs held a conference at Lucca nd decided the destinies of the Roman world. Cæsar's command as to be extended for a second term of five years. In 55 and 54 curred his two invasions of Britain. In 54 the death of his aughter Julia, Pompey's wife, and in 53 the death of Crassus in arthia prepared the way for the break between Cæsar and ompey. Civil war finally broke out when in 49 Cæsar refused to isband his army at the command of Pompey's supporters in the enate, but instead, crossed the Rubicon, the boundary of his rovince, and advanced toward Rome. He soon became master of aly, and then followed Pompey to Greece, where his victory at harsalia (48) decided the contest between them. Pompey fled to gypt, where he was assassinated. At Thapsus in Numidia (46) he efeated the remainder of the senatorial forces. He then returned Rome and turned his attention to the restoration of public order nd to administrative reforms. In Spain the sons of Pompey raised n army against him, and Cæsar defeated them at Munda, 45 B. C. . 1. 56). He was appointed dictator after the death of Pompey, t first for one year, later for ten years, finally (February, 44)

for life. Successive extraordinary laws, passed at the instance of his supporters, had conferred upon him virtually royal powers and honors, when on March 15, 44 B. C., he was assassinated as the result of a conspiracy formed by about sixty senators.

*Octavius Cæsar* (*Gaius Julius Cæsar Octavianus*) — born 63 B. C., the son of Gaius Octavius and Attia, a niece of Julius Cæsar. After his father's death in 58, his mother married L. Marcius Philippus, and Octavius was brought up in the house of his grandmother, Julia, and enjoyed Cæsar's favor. In his will, drawn up in 45, Cæsar adopted him as his son, and in the same year sent him to Apollonia, in Illyria, with his tutors and sixteen legions. On the news of Cæsar's death he returned to Italy (iii. 1), and learned that Cæsar had made him his heir and adopted him into the Julian gens. His position was a difficult one. Antony, who was in possession of Cæsar's papers and effects, disregarded his claims. His youth, his delicate health, and his inexperience in public affairs made it difficult for him to obtain support. But Cicero decided to make use of him as an opponent to Antony, and Octavius became an ally of the Senate, and as such contributed to the defeat of Antony at Modena, April, 43. Toward the end of October in the same year, however, he formed an alliance with Antony and Lepidus (see Appendix B), by which they restored and divided between themselves Cæsar's dictatorship, and after causing themselves to be named as triumvirs for five years for the reconstitution of the state (*reipublicæ constituendæ*), they divided the provinces among themselves, and decreed wholesale proscriptions of personal enemies, political opponents, and rich citizens whose wealth could be used for the expenses of the campaign to recover the eastern provinces from Brutus and Cassius. They defeated Brutus and Cassius at Philippi in 42 B. C., and then engaged in a struggle with each other for supreme power. Hostilities between them first broke out in 40; a treaty was concluded in the same year, and an uneasy peace was maintained between the two for several years, with Octavius master of Italy and the West, and Antony in control of the eastern provinces and Egypt. The tension increased until the struggle was decided by the battle of Actium, 31 B. C. In January, 29, on his return to Rome, Octavius celebrated a three days' triumph, and then turned his attention to reorganizing the government, providing for a careful observance of constitutional forms and limitations, with the sanction of Senate and people, but reserving a controlling authority for himself. In 27 B. C. the Senate decreed him the title of Augustus. From time

time his special powers were formally renewed for periods of five ears. He died, 14 A. D., and his name was added to the list of the tional gods.

*Marcus Antonius* — born about 83, related on his mother's side Julius Cæsar. His early life was profligate; in 58 he fled to reece to escape his creditors. In 54 he was one of Cæsar's icers in Gaul. Through Cæsar's influence he became quæstor, gur, and tribune (49 B. C.). At the outbreak of the Civil War, wever, he fled from Rome and joined Cæsar, who placed him at e head of his troops in Italy. In 48 he crossed the Adriatic with nforcements for Cæsar and took part in the battle of Pharsalia. hen Cæsar went to Egypt, Antony acted as vice-dictator in Italy. 44, being then Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, he offered m a crown on the festival of the Lupercalia. For the events mediately following, see note on Octavius (above) and Appen- x B. In Cilicia (41) he met Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and ent the winter with her in Alexandria. Strained relations with ctavius led to a brief period of hostilities with him, but negoti- ions for peace were made, and the triumvirs reapportioned the oman world, Antony receiving Macedonia, Greece, Bithynia, sia, Syria, and Cyrene, and marrying Octavius's sister, his first ife, Fulvia, having recently died. In 37 B. C. the triumvirate was newed for five years. Returning to Syria, he married Cleopatra, aving previously sent Octavia and her children back to Rome. he Senate declared war against Cleopatra and declared his powers rfeited. After his defeat at Actium, he followed Cleopatra to gypt, whither Octavius pursued him. Cleopatra's army and fleet etrayed him and went over to the enemy; Cleopatra, fearing his ge, took refuge in her tomb, and gave out that she had killed erself; Antony, seeing that all was lost, committed suicide (30 B. C.).

*Marcus Æmilius Lepidus* — born 90 B. C., son of the consul ho died in the revolution of 78, and a boyhood friend of Cæsar, as at the beginning of the Civil War one of Pompey's party in the enate. When Cæsar entered Rome in 48, Lepidus, who had re- ained in the city, was selected by Cæsar to be made acting con- l, and was thenceforward a member of Cæsar's party. He was onsul with Cæsar in 46, more on account of his wealth and influ- nce than of his ability. In 44 he was ordered to Narbonese Gaul ith his army, but was still in Rome at the time of Cæsar's assassi- ation. In the days immediately following the Ides of March, he cted in concert with Antony, with whose support he was elected ontifex maximus. After this election he went to his province.

In June, 43, he joined his army to that of Antony, and in October became a member of the triumvirate. During the campaign of Philippi he was left in Italy with three legions. After the battle he was deprived of his provinces, but Africa was given to him in 40, and he was included in the triumvirate when it was renewed in 37. An effort in 36 to regain his lost power was easily thwarted. His office as pontifex maximus saved him from summary punishment, and he was allowed to retire into private life and to enjoy his vast fortune. He died in 13 B. C.

*Marcus Tullius Cicero*—born 106 B. C., at Arpinum, of an equestrian family. His boyhood was spent at Arpinum and in Rome, where his father had a town house. He studied literature, philosophy, dialectic, rhetoric, and law. In 91 he saw service in the Social War, and in 81 his forensic life began. Shortly afterward he travelled for two years in the East, studying philosophy and rhetoric. About the year 77 he married Terentia, a lady of distinguished and wealthy family. He became quæstor in 75, ædile in 70, and in the latter year successfully prosecuted Verres, ex-governor of Sicily, for oppression and extortion. He became prætor in 66 and consul in 63. As consul he denounced and frustrated the conspiracy of Catiline, receiving as a reward the title of Father of his Country. Cæsar attempted to secure his support, but finding this impossible, allowed his enemy Clodius to propose a law banishing him for illegality in his repression of the conspiracy of 63. Cicero was allowed to return in the following year, 57. In the Civil War he supported Pompey, but after Pharsalia became reconciled to Cæsar. But Cæsar's dictatorship was displeasing to him, and he withdrew from politics, devoting himself to literature. He was not a party to the assassination (ii. 1. 141–152), but welcomed it, and two days later spoke in the Senate in favor of a general amnesty. He left Rome September 1 of the same year, after a bitter public controversy with Antony, but returned December 9, and became the leader of the republican party in the Senate. He remained friendly with Octavius, but maintained a bitter hostility to Antony and Lepidus. He was among those proscribed, and was slain near Formiæ, December 7, 43 (iv. 3. 178). Shakespeare's dramatic scheme allows him no place in determining the course of events, with the curious result that the greatest of Roman orators is introduced in the tragedy to speak eight and a half unimportant lines.

*Popilius Læna* (properly, *Lænas*)—see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 16.

*Marcus Junius Brutus* — born about 79 B. C., the son of a father the same name. He claimed descent from the Brutus who pelled the Tarquins. His father was put to death during the vil War of 78 by order of Pompey. In 58 he went to Cyprus th his uncle, Marcus Porcius Cato. He had been educated with eat care, and at first practiced law. He fought on Pompey's le, but after Pharsalia was pardoned by Cæsar, and in 46 was pointed by him governor of Cisalpine Gaul. In 45 he divorced s wife Claudia and married Portia, the daughter of Cato and idow of Marcus Bibulus. In 44 he was made city prætor. He as persuaded by Cassius to join the conspiracy against Cæsar, d became one of the leaders in the assassination. His speech the Forum, defending the conspirators, was delivered on the llowing day. Popular feeling against Cæsar's murderers so inreased that he and Cassius fled from Rome, April 13. Antony d a decree passed by which Brutus was to go to Asia and assius to Sicily, to buy corn for the state. After some hesitaon they accepted the mission, thus going into voluntary exile. n reaching Greece, however, Brutus formed, or was persuaded head, a revolutionary movement. Troops were won over, recruited, and he shortly made himself master of the province Macedonia. The Roman Senate, under the influence of Cicero, pproved, and voted to Brutus the pro-consular command of acedonia, Illyria, and Greece. After the formation of the trinvirate, Brutus marched into Asia and joined armies with Casus, January, 42. After conquering Rhodes and Lycia, and plenishing their treasure, they invaded Macedonia, where, on e plains of Philippi, in October, they fought two battles with e forces of Antony and Octavius. In the first, otherwise indesive, Cassius was slain, according to the common account, by his wn orders ; in the second, Brutus was defeated, and fell upon his word rather than be taken prisoner.

*Gaius Cassius Longinus* — married Junia, the sister of Marcus rutus. In 53 he served as quæstor in the Parthian campaign, ommanding a division of the army in the battle of Carrhæ. In 0 he became tribune of the plebs. In the Civil War he comanded a division of Pompey's fleet. In 44 he became prætor eregrinus. He was the principal organizer of the conspiracy, hich he persuaded Brutus to join. He accepted the mission to yria (see note on Marcus Brutus, above) with the intention of aking himself master of the province, and, reaching it in adance of Dolabella, the pro-consul, succeeded in so doing. In

June, 43, after the suicide of Dolabella, the latter's soldiers went over to Cassius, giving him twelve legions in all. On the news of the coalition of Antony and Lepidus, the Senate ordered him to return to Italy, with Brutus, to defend Rome. In August, however, after Octavius had entered Rome, they were declared public enemies. At Philippi, his plan was to exhaust the forces of the enemy by delay, but the impatience of Brutus and of the soldiers forced him to give battle. Brutus defeated Octavius, but Cassius, driven back by Antony, believed the day lost, and ordered his freedman to kill him. Brutus is said to have lamented him as "the last of the Romans." His body was buried at Thasos.

*Publius Servilius Casca* was selected by Cæsar for appointment as tribune. He struck the first blow on the Ides of March. Under the terms of the amnesty of March 17, 44, the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. His term of office began in the following December. In July, 43, he was present at a conference with Cicero and others, to take measures against Octavius's advance upon Rome. In August, 43, notwithstanding his office, he was outlawed for contumacy, along with the other conspirators. He was with Brutus at Philippi (Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 45), but died shortly afterward.

*Gaius Trebonius* was the son of a rich business man. As tribune of the plebs in 55, he was an active supporter of Cæsar. From 53 to 49 he was one of Cæsar's principal officers in Gaul. In 49 he was elected prætor. In 45, upon Cæsar's return from Spain, he already contemplated the formation of a conspiracy to murder Cæsar, and sounded Antony. On the Ides of March his part was to detain Antony in conversation outside the Senate chamber. In April he set out for his province of Asia. Early in 43 he supplied Cassius with funds. He was seized and put to death by Dolabella at Smyrna in February, 43.

*Gaius* (properly, *Quintus*) *Ligarius* — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 11. He seems to have perished in the proscriptions of 43.

*Decius* (properly, *Decimus Junius*) *Brutus* — son of the consul of 77 B. C. As commander of Cæsar's fleet he overcame the Veneti in 56. He took part in the siege of Alesia in 52, and won a naval victory during the siege of Marseilles in 49. In 47 he was governor of Transalpine Gaul. He returned to Rome in February, 44, and was one of the last to be taken into the conspiracy. It was he, rather than Marcus Brutus, who had been Cæsar's close personal friend, and who caused Antony's life to be spared (Ferrero, iii. 68,

note). He had been chosen by Cæsar to be governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and, with Antony, was made secondary heir by Cæsar's will. On the Ides of March he led Cæsar to the scene of the assassination, and helped to strike him down. He went to his province in April, was ordered in July to deliver it to Antony, receiving Macedonia, but refused to submit. For some time he successfully resisted Antony's attempt to dislodge him, but after the union of the armies of Antony and Lepidus, he was deserted by his soldiers, and was captured in the Alps by a barbarian chief, who put him to death by Antony's orders.

*Metellus* (properly, *Lucius Tullius*) *Cimber* gave the signal for the conspirators to attack Cæsar (Appendix A, Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 66). After the amnesty he departed for Bithynia, of which he had been confirmed as governor, and there collected a fleet, with which he coöperated with Brutus and Cassius in their invasion of Macedonia in 42.

*Lucius Cornelius Cinna* — son of the famous opponent of Sulla, and thus a brother-in-law of Cæsar. He was prætor in 44 B. C. He was not one of the conspirators, but on the day after the murder (Appian, B. C. ii. 121) made in the Forum a speech in which he called Cæsar a tyrant. This led to the murder of the other Cinna by the mob on the day of Cæsar's funeral.

*Gaius Helvius Cinna* — a poet, friend of Catullus, with whom he went to Bithynia in the suite of the prætor Gaius Memmius. Plutarch (Appendix A, *Brutus*, § 20) declares that a poet named Cinna, "one of Cæsar's chiefest friends," was murdered by the mob on the day of Cæsar's funeral. Other ancient historians designate the victim as Helvius Cinna, a tribune of the people. Apparently the former friend of Catullus had been made a tribune by Cæsar. Shakespeare alters Plutarch's account, and makes the rioters kill him in mere wantonness, after learning his identity.

*Flavius* and *Marullus* — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Cæsar*, § 61.

*Artemidorus* — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Cæsar*, § 65. Ferrero (ii. 350, note) gives reasons for discrediting the ancient stories of warnings given to Cæsar. If the secret had not been well kept, it would have come to the ears of Antony, Lepidus, and other faithful friends.

A soothsayer — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Cæsar*, § 63.

Another poet — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 34, and note Shakespeare's alterations.

*Lucilius* — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 50.

*Titinius* — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 43.

***Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus*** — of an ancient noble family. In March, 43, he went to Macedonia to serve under Brutus. He fought at Philippi, was present at Brutus's death, and in after life cherished and honored his memory. After Philippi he became associated first with Antony, and later with Octavius. He was made consul by the latter in 31, and held a naval command at Actium. In 34 he led a military expedition against the Salassi (in the modern Val d'Aosta). In 27 Augustus chose him for *præfectus urbi*, to govern Rome in his stead during his absences on campaign; but he resigned almost immediately, protesting that the office was unconstitutional. He became the friend of Horace and Tibullus, and devoted his last years to authorship.

Young (***Marcius Porcius***) ***Cato*** — son of Cato Uticensis, who killed himself rather than surrender to Cæsar, 46 B. C. He passed for indolent and dissolute, but redeemed himself by his heroic death at Philippi.

***Publius Volumnius*** — "a grave and wise philosopher that had been with Brutus from the beginning of this war," — Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 48; see also §§ 51, 52.

***Strato*** — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 52.

***Dardanius*** (properly, ***Dardanus***) — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, §§ 51, 52.

***Pindarus*** — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, § 43.

***Calpurnia*** — Cæsar's fourth wife, whom he married in 59; daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, consul in 58.

***Portia*** (properly, ***Porcia***) — see Appendix A, Plutarch, *Brutus*, §§ 13, 15, 53.

## ACT I — SCENE 1

The play commences with comedy. The mob is like all Shakespeare's mobs — much excited at the prospect of a show, very ready to be quite sure that the last speaker is the wisest, and very ready to appreciate a joke however small, if it is only sufficiently obvious. Their politics are entirely personal, and they all start prepared to shout for Cæsar because Cæsar is giving them a show. The tribunes, on the other hand, are party politicians, not so much opponents of Cæsarism, as partisans of the dead Pompey.

Cæsar "went into Spain to make war with the sons of Pompey... This was the last war that Cæsar made. But the triumph that he

made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before: because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown." (North's *Plutarch.*)

This triumph took place in October (B. C. 45); but the action of the tribunes, as here related, was taken at the Lupercalia. Shakespeare has taken the license of combining the two events.

The extracts from North's *Plutarch*, given in Appendix A, should be consulted in studying this and each succeeding scene.

**3.** ***mechanical.*** See Glossary.

***ought not walk.*** From about 1200 to Shakespeare's time *ought*, in this sense, was followed by the infinitive alone or by the infinitive with *to*. See New Eng. Dict. under *ought* and *to*.

**4, 5.** ***sign Of your profession,*** tools employed or garments worn in the exercise of the particular trade, as in line 7.

**5.** ***what trade.*** Of what trade; compare i. 2. 300.

**10.** ***in respect of***, in comparison with.

**11.** ***cobbler.*** Not quite a pun, but a play on two senses of the same word: mender of shoes, and bungler.

**12.** ***directly.*** See Glossary.

**19.** ***be not out with me.*** Cf. such phrases as "to be put out," "to fall out."

**20.** ***if you be out.*** Cf. the phrase, "out at the elbows."

**27.** ***with awl. I.*** Fol. *withal I.* But we may safely assume that the pun is intended.

**29.** ***recover.*** Meaning both re-cover and cure (cause to recover).

***proper.*** See Glossary.

**30.** ***neat's leather.*** See Glossary.

**47.** ***pass the streets.*** The omission of the preposition with verbs of motion is common: cf. i. 2. 110, "arrive the point proposed." So we can say "reach" or "reach to," "attain" or "attain to."

**50.** ***That,*** for *so that.* This is very frequent in Shakespeare.

***her banks.*** In Latin, rivers are always masculine, and Tiber is "Father Tiber"; but the Elizabethans freely personified rivers as feminine.

**51.** ***replication.*** See Glossary.

**54.** ***cull out,*** pick out; *i. e.* "is this a day to choose for a holiday?"

**56.** ***Pompey's blood,*** Pompey's sons, one of whom, Gnaeus, had been killed at Munda. This triumph was in consequence of

that victory. The triumph may have been, in form, to celebrate the defeat of the Lusitanians only, as Mommsen thinks; but in spirit and effect it was a triumph over Pompey's sons.

**66.** ***whether.*** The Folios print *where*, as also v. 3. 97 and v. 4. 30, showing that the word was pronounced at times as a monosyllable, the *th* being silent.

**70.** ***ceremonies,*** an abstract term used for the concrete thing. *Ceremony* usually means an *act;* here it means the material decoration which is the *mark* of the act. In verse the word sometimes has its ordinary prose pronunciation (as in i. 2. 11), but sometimes (as here) it is metrically equivalent to a trisyllable, with secondary stress on the last syllable. Whether in such cases the second syllable is to be regarded as entirely suppressed, or the first two are to be pronounced in the time of one "long" syllable, cannot be determined with certainty. When (as in ii. 2. 13) the word ends a line, either pronunciation is possible.

**72.** ***Lupercal.*** See Glossary. See also next scene, and its source in Plutarch.

**78.** ***pitch.*** See Glossary.

## SCENE 2

This scene introduces all the principal characters, and gives the keynote of their temperaments. Cæsar has the manner of one who takes for granted that his orders will be obeyed and his opinion accepted, without question or doubt. Brutus is aloof and mournful, his mind preyed upon by imaginary bookish ideals, but apparently without any notion that he could have any initiative in changing the course of events, till the idea is subtly suggested by Cassius. Cassius himself, the prime conspirator, shows all his characteristics.

> "Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
> Whiles they behold a greater than themselves."

Sheer jealousy is his strongest motive, and mixed up with it a certain republican and patriotic sentiment. He plays skilfully upon Brutus's self-esteem — and Brutus is always the victim of an adroit flatterer. Casca belongs to the type of man who prides himself on his bluntness, but is a child in the hands of a clever manipulator.

What positions in the state did Cæsar and Antony hold at this time?

**9.** *sterile curse,* curse which makes sterile; the adjective which usually signifies an effect, here signifies the cause. Cf. *As You Like It,* ii. 7. 132, "Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger."

**19.** *ides of March.* See Glossary. What is the effect upon Cæsar of the soothsayer's warning?

**24.** *Pass,* let us pass on.

**29.** *quick spirit,* lively humor, or fondness for gaiety. Brutus, lacking the quality himself, counts it a mark of incapacity in anyone who has it. *Spirit* is here metrically equivalent to a monosyllable; cf. note to i. 1. 70.

**33, 34.** *that gentleness . . . as.* We use "which" as relative to "that" antecedent; "as" relative to "such" antecedent. These are often interchanged in Shakespeare, and we have "that as" or "such which." Cf. line 174—

> "Under these hard conditions as this time
> Is like to lay upon us";

and i. 3. 116, "such a man That is no fleering tell-tale."

**35, 36.** *bear . . . a hand Over,* hold in check, as a rider (cf. "bearing rein"). The sense would seem to be much the same as to "ride on the curb."

**40.** *passions of some difference,* contending feelings.

**42.** *soil.* See Glossary.

*behaviours.* Shakespeare often uses a plural form to imply repetition, or for some like purpose, where we keep to the singular. Thus *behaviours* means "behavior on several occasions"; and where several people are of the same opinion, he would still write "in their opinions." Cf. ii. 1. 148.

**45.** *construe any further,* find more meaning in.

**48.** *mistook.* When, by the loss of inflectional terminations, the past tense and past participle of regular verbs in English came to be alike, the two forms were in many other verbs used without distinction. Some of these usages, as "I have stood," have been retained.

**58.** *shadow.* See Glossary.

**59.** *Where,* used loosely in many cases where we should expect to find "when."

**60.** *immortal.* Observe the irony of this epithet, in connection with the speech, 90–131.

**62.** *had his eyes.* This seems to be a grammatical slip, as *his,* to make the meaning consistent, should refer to the subject; the

point being that Brutus should have eyes with which he could see himself; the construction being as though Cassius had said "many *a one* . . . *has* wished." But the obvious sense, "could see," may be all that is intended.

**71.** ***jealous.*** See Glossary.

***on.*** *Of* and *on* are frequently interchangeable in Shakespeare's language. One may be sent *on* or *of* a message, have hair *of* or *on* one's face, etc.

**72.** ***laugher.*** Ff. *laughter.* The correction is Pope's. If the Folio reading is right, "laughter" would mean "object of laughter," as we use "scorn" = "object of scorn."

**73.** ***stale.*** See Glossary.

***ordinary oaths,*** oaths of which I make frequent use.

**76.** ***scandal.*** See Glossary.

**77.** ***profess myself:*** either "parade my feelings" or "make profession of friendship," as in *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 456, "dishonoured by a man which ever professed to him."

**86, 87.** "If honor and death must be looked upon together, I will look on them together without trouble of mind."

**90–131.** The bearing of this speech is that Cæsar is a mere mortal, and very subject to the ills of the flesh; it develops the angry irony of "immortal Cæsar" in l. 60. Cassius is not arguing that Cæsar is an incompetent person, but that he is being treated as a deity when he is nothing of the kind, as his infirmity proves.

**91.** ***favour.*** See Glossary.

**95.** ***lief.*** See Glossary.

**100.** Cæsar is said to have been a great swimmer. A story of his swimming for life, holding one hand with documents in it clear of the water all the time, is related by Suetonius and Plutarch. This, and Plutarch's statement that he had an attack of epilepsy at Corduba (Cordova) in Spain, gave Shakespeare the hint for Cassius's two anecdotes.

**109.** ***hearts of controversy,*** *i.e.* of emulation; like "passions of difference," l. 40.

**110.** ***arrive the point.*** Cf. "pass the streets," l. 47, and note.

**112–114.** Anchises, king of Dardanus on Mount Ida, was the father of Æneas by Venus. At the sack of Troy Æneas bore his father from the burning town upon his shoulders. Roman legend regarded Æneas as the progenitor of the Roman people; see Vergil's *Æneid*, Book I.

**115.** ***Did I.*** The subject is repeated, as if the speaker, in his excitement, had forgotten the beginning of his sentence.

**119.** *a fever . . . in Spain.* Apparently suggested by Plutarch: often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain)."

**122.** The natural form would be that the color fled from the lips. Cassius inverts it, in order to suggest the idea of a coward deserting his colors.

**123.** *bend.* See Glossary.

**124.** *his.* Genitive of "it." The form "its" was in Shakespeare's time just coming into use; it is found only ten times in the entire First Folio, and only in the plays not previously printed.

**130, 131.** The metaphor is of course from foot-racing.

**136.** *Colossus,* the famous Colossus of Rhodes, a huge brazen figure traditionally declared to have stood astride the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes, and to have been of such a size that vessels in full sail passed in and out between the legs.

**142.** *ff.* Having led up to the position that Cæsar is at best merely a man, Cassius now suggests that Brutus is as good a man; seeking to make Brutus feel the difference between them as a personal slight. Having hinted the flattery, he does not press it, but begins to stir up the republican sentiment which he knows he must persuade Brutus to regard as his only real motive.

**146.** *conjure with 'em,* use the names as words of power to summon up spirits.

**152.** *the great flood.* The reference to the deluge is not out of place for a Roman, though it may be doubted whether the specific Greek or Roman version of the story was in Shakespeare's mind. The story finds a place in nearly every mythology. In the most familiar classical version, there was a universal deluge from which there escaped only Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha. By advice of an oracle, they then threw stones behind them which were turned into men and women, whereby the world was repeopled.

**153.** *But* = except, unless: as in the proverb, "It never rains but it pours."

**156.** *Rome . . . room.* The pronunciation of the words was almost identical. Shakespeare did not hesitate to play upon words in the gravest passages. How often before has Cassius played upon words in this scene?

**157.** *one.* Observe that this was pronounced "own."

**159.** *There was a Brutus,* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; from him Marcus Brutus claimed descent.

**160.** *eternal.* Johnson proposed to read *infernal.* Commen-

tators may differ as to whether "eternal" or "infernal" is the more forcible epithet—the text seems to me preferable. But it is quite possible that Shakespeare wrote "infernal," and that he or the printer changed it to avoid trouble from the act of James I "to restrain the abuses of players" in the use of profane language. Many such alterations certainly were made.

**162.** ***jealous.*** Cf. l. 71.

**163.** ***aim.*** See Glossary.

**172–173.** ***had rather be . . . Than to repute himself.*** Here we have the sign of the infinitive omitted and inserted after the same verb. See *New Eng. Dict.* under *to.*

**174.** ***these . . . as.*** See note on l. 33, "that gentleness . . . as."

**193.** ***Sleek-headed men.*** Find the corresponding passages in North's *Plutarch.*

**197.** ***well given,*** well disposed.

**204.** What is the significance of "he hears no music"? Quote from *The Merchant of Venice.*

**213.** ***this ear is deaf.*** Another touch of mortality in the immortal Cæsar.

**216.** ***Casca.*** At the beginning of the scene Casca was to the front in calling for silence for Cæsar. As soon as he is with Cassius he instinctively changes his tone.

**230.** ***gentler than other.*** "Gentler" is here an adverb; "other" is equivalent (as in the expression "each other") to "the other."

**245.** ***hooted.*** See Glossary.

**249.** ***swounded.*** See Glossary.

**253.** ***market-place,*** the Forum, so called by North.

**256.** ***falling sickness,*** epilepsy. The name is used by North.

**267.** ***plucked me ope.*** "Me" is dative of reference or concern.

***doublet.*** Shakespeare writes as if the Romans dressed like Elizabethans. Cf. "unbraced" which occurs at i. 3. 48, and ii. 1. 262. Passages like this remind us that the actors of Shakespeare's time wore the costume of their own day, whatever the period represented by the play.

**268.** ***An.*** See Glossary.

***occupation.*** See Glossary.

**282.** Why did Cicero speak in Greek? What, apparently, did he say?

**300.** ***quick mettle.*** Of high spirit. See Glossary under the separate words, and cf. i. 1. 5.

**308–310.** What is the significance of this appointment?

**311.** ***the world.*** That is, the state of subjection to Cæsar in which the world now is.

**314.** ***From that it is disposed,*** *i.e.* from that to which it is disposed. The omission of the relative is by no means rare, whether as subject or object. The omission of the preposition is analogous to that in i. 1. 47, where see note.

**317.** ***bear me hard,*** regard me with dislike or ill-will. So ii. 1. 215 and iii. 1. 157.

**319.** ***He,*** Cæsar; or possibly Cassius is sneering at Brutus for being led so easily by his own rhetoric, in which case "he" would mean Brutus. This does not seem to agree with the very strong affection he obviously had for Brutus; yet, considering the careful skill with which he employs conscious flattery to effect his purpose, it is not impossible. Cf. the lines in the speech immediately following.

**325, 326.** Closing the scene with a rhymed couplet is very frequent in the earlier plays: less usual in the later ones. But most of the plays end with a couplet. Other instances in this play are at i. 3, v. 3, and the close of the play.

## SCENE 3

A month has elapsed since the conspiracy was first set on foot.

Cicero is sententious, and wears an air of philosophic calm. He was indeed prouder of his philosophy than of his oratory. In the combination of this with the previous description of him, i. 2. 185–8, a singularly complete picture of the man is given. Casca, as always, allows the moment's mood to control him, and the mood itself is controlled by the immediate circumstances. Both are in strong contrast to Cassius, to whom the conditions of the moment are of interest just so far as he sees his way to making use of them for the end he holds steadily and unceasingly in view.

Why does Casca carry his sword drawn as he enters?

**1.** ***brought,*** attended. We commonly use *bring* and *take* in the two specific senses which are both covered by *bring* in Shakespeare, who would say "bring him away."

**3.** ***sway.*** See Glossary.

**6.** ***rived.*** The older and historically correct form is ***riven.*** This later formation failed to hold its place in the language. Cf. iv. 3. 85.

**11.** ***civil strife in heaven,*** civil war among the gods.

**14.** ***more wonderful:*** either "saw you anything else wonderful" or "anything more wonderful than you have seen before."

**15–18.** These lines are Plutarch turned into poetry. A careful comparison of the wording of the two passages is instructive.

**21.** ***glared.*** Pope's unnecessary emendation. Folios, *glazed*, a word still in dialectal use in England in the meaning "stared."

**26.** ***the bird of night.*** The owl has always been regarded as an uncanny bird, both on account of its ordinary habits and its cry. For a solitary night-bird to appear in the crowded market-place in broad day was of course peculiarly ominous.

**32.** ***climate.*** See Glossary.

**35.** ***Clean from the purpose.*** *From* in the sense, "apart from," without a verb of motion, occurs several times in this play, *e.g.* ii. 1. 196.

**39.** ***sky.*** See Glossary.

**48.** ***unbraced.*** Cf. i. 2. 267 and note, and see Glossary.

**49.** ***thunder-stone.*** Cf. "the all-dreaded thunder-stone" in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 271. The lightning flash was supposed to be accompanied literally by the fall of a "thunderbolt."

**60.** ***put on fear,*** show signs of fear, as in ii. 1. 225, "Let not our looks put on our purposes."

***cast yourself in wonder,*** into wonder, as we speak of "throwing" a person into confusion or amazement.

**62–66.** The construction in these lines is quite lost, not without a certain dramatic fitness. It would be made rather less irregular by transposing 64 and 65; but there is no ground for demanding the change, and even then strict regularity would not result.

**65.** ***fool.*** Ff. *fools.* The text was Mitford's conjecture, as "calculating" is scarcely out of order of nature for old men.

***calculate.*** See Glossary.

**68.** ***monstrous.*** See Glossary. The general sense of the passage is, "These abnormal natural appearances are warnings of an abnormal condition of affairs."

**75.** ***the lion in the Capitol.*** Either Shakespeare thought of the Capitol as a sort of Roman Tower of London (where lions were habitually kept), or the lion is the one mentioned in l. 20.

**76.** ***than . . . me.*** A very ordinary grammatical error in colloquial usage, arising no doubt from the vague idea that *than* is a preposition. But *me* and *him* when *I* and *he* are demanded by strict grammar, and (less frequently) the converse, are not much rarer in Shakespeare than in common conversation.

77. *prodigious.* The idea of size may be present here, though secondary; as Cassius has already to Brutus spoken of Cæsar as a colossus.

82. *woe the while,* woe the time, *i.e.* woe for the time, as we may say, "alas the day."

83. *with* instead of *by* for agent or instrument is hardly rare now, and was commoner still in Shakespeare's day.

84. *sufferance.* See Glossary.

87. *shall wear,* is to wear.

89–115. If a little bombastic, this speech has the ring of genuine feeling in it. Cassius is not merely stirred by envy. The student should note passages bringing out this side of Cassius's character. In the very next speech it is envy that predominates again.

93. The familiar lines, "Stone walls do not a prison make," will occur to the reader. Cassius's point, however, is different — that a prisoner can end his captivity by suicide.

101, 102. *bondman . . . cancel.* Casca plays on the two senses of *bond*, the fetters of a slave, and a binding legal document.

114. "I shall have to answer for my words."

115. *indifferent,* of no moment; because they can be escaped by death. As an Epicurean (v. 1. 76) Cassius counts suicide as a mere question of convenience; to Brutus, the Stoic, suicide is only a last resort to escape disgrace.

116, 117. *such a man That.* See i. 2. 33 and note.

118. *factious.* See Glossary.

122. *Some certain:* either *some* or *certain* is merely redundant.

126. *Pompey's porch.* The theatre and curia of Pompey, where Pompey's statue stood, were in the Campus Martius. The site will be found indicated on any map of ancient Rome of this period. Observe that Shakespeare represents these buildings as being on the Capitoline hill.

128. *element.* See Glossary.

129. *In favour's.* The Folios read *is Favors.* See i. 2. 91 and Glossary.

133. *where.* This use of *where* as the equivalent of *whither* has since Shakespeare's time become almost universal in ordinary speech.

134. *Metellus Cimber.* North (following Amyot in both cases) gives the name in this form in his *Life of Cæsar* and in its correct form, Tullius Cimber, in that of *Brutus.*

135. *incorporate.* See Glossary, and compare "distract," iv. 3. 155.

**144.** ***Where Brutus may but find it:*** either (1) "cannot but find it"; or (2) "where only Brutus can find it." See Glossary s. v. *But.*

**146.** ***old Brutus.*** Cf. i. 2, 159, note.

**148.** ***Is.*** The singular verb with plural subject may here be explained; the verb is spoken while only one subject (Decius) is in the speaker's mind, Trebonius being added as an afterthought. But cf. note on iii. 2. 29.

***Decius Brutus.*** Shakespeare here follows North, who follows Amyot. The name should be Decimus Brutus. Decimus Brutus was quite as prominent and active a member of the conspiracy as Marcus Brutus: he was in every respect a no less important person; from Cicero's letters, at this period, it is evident that he was regarded as one of the heads of the whole movement.

**152.** ***Pompey's theatre.*** See note on "Pompey's porch," l. 126.

**159.** ***countenance.*** See Glossary.

**162.** ***conceited.*** See Glossary and iii. 1. 192. Here the word may involve a further allusion to the fanciful metaphor or "conceit" used by Casca.

## ACT II — SCENE 1

The first Act gave the preliminary stages: the second is the completion of the conspiracy.

The conspirators hold their final meeting, all coming together for the first time. A further revelation of the pathetic and trustful turn of Brutus's character is given, as well as of the combination of his desire to follow the course which patriotism sets before him, with his intellectual incompetence for judging either the men or the circumstances with which he has to deal.

**5.** ***When.*** See Glossary.

**10–34.** How does this speech of Brutus connect the scene with what has gone before?

**12.** ***the general.*** See Glossary.

**14.** ***brings forth the adder,*** *i.e.* (as shown by l. 33) hatches it. The coronation of Cæsar will hatch the adder and give Cæsar a sting: as the bright day makes a dangerous snake from a harmless egg. Brutus knows of the Senate's intention to offer Cæsar a crown, and he argues that though Cæsar has hitherto acted with moderation and judgment, this may remove the cause of his moderation, and so the danger is too great; therefore the (possible) adder must be killed before it is hatched.

To Cassius, the practical, it is Cæsar's power that is unendurable; to Brutus, the sentimental, it is the form or title of royalty. But his argument has a practical side, in the fear that the form of royalty may also lead to Cæsar using his power in a different way, though no new powers would be conferred by it.

We may compare the belief under the Commonwealth that Cromwell was anxious for the title of king, and the uneasiness caused thereby; though similarly his coronation would not have given him larger powers.

**15.** *Crown him? — that;* — The meaning will be more easily understood by recalling *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 56, "To be, or not to be: that is the question."

**18–27.** See Glossary under *remorse* and *affections*. The difficulty in the passage is that "affections," a general term, is here used of the selfish passions, those opposed to "remorse." The abuse of power, tyranny, consists in being pitiless. Cæsar has so far controlled his natural inclination by reason, but let him once attain unlimited power, and he may cast off his former moderation.

**21.** *proof.* See Glossary.

**26.** *base degrees.* See Glossary.

**28, 29.** *the quarrel Will bear,* etc. "Since the motive for quarrel with him cannot be justified on the ground of what he actually is, state the case in this way."

**32–34.** Do you think that Brutus is justified in his plan to kill Cæsar on this ground?

**33.** *kind.* See Glossary.

**37.** What is the "paper, thus seal'd up?" Who sent it?

**40.** *ides.* Early edd. *first.* Either a slip of Shakespeare's pen or of the printers, as is proved by l. 59. The slip, if Shakespeare's, may have been partly due to a reference in *North's Plutarch* to "the first of March."

**44.** *exhalations.* See Glossary.

**46.** *see thyself.* The phrase marks the handiwork of Cassius.

**47.** *&c.* Read "et cetera."

**50.** *took.* See i. 2. 48, note on "mistook."

**53.** *My ancestors,* Lucius Junius Brutus. Another mark of the sentimental view of a practical question which always touches Brutus.

**55.** *Speak, strike.* Each of these words has a very strong stress, giving it the force of a foot by itself.

**59.** *fourteen.* Ff. *fifteen*, corrected by Warburton. But as Macmillan points out, Brutus is probably counting "inclusively":

as in French to-day a week is called "eight days," and a fortnight "fifteen days."

**64.** *motion.* See Glossary.

**66–69.** "*The genius,* or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments,* the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate: when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance." (Johnson.) Evidently Johnson takes *Genius* as a guardian spirit (as it appears always to be used), opposed to the *mortal* passions of the flesh, which are in *council, i.e.* "in debate" together. Others take *mortal* as "deadly." The *instruments* may also be the "organs" rather than the "passions"; but on the whole Johnson's rendering seems the least difficult.

**67.** *state,* a frequent metaphor.

**69.** *insurrection.* Cf. i. 2. 46, "Brutus, with himself at war."

**70.** *brother.* Cassius's wife was Brutus's sister.

**72.** *moe.* See Glossary.

**77.** *faction.* See Glossary.

**83.** *path.* The use of a substantive as a verb has so many parallels (Abbott, § 290) that the text may be correct. *Pass, thy; pace, thy; put thy* have all been suggested, and may any of them be right.

*native,* natural.

**84.** *Erebus,* one of the divisions of the infernal regions, where the light was fabled to be dim.

**101–111.** The casual character of this conversation may be taken either as a mark of extreme anxiety, or of heedlessness. Which?

**104.** *fret.* "The breaking of the edges of the clouds with light" is the idea conveyed.

**107.** *growing on,* encroaching on.

**108.** *Weighing, i.e.* if you weigh or consider how young the year is. As it was almost the equinox, Casca's calculations are not very accurate. Sunrise would be very nearly due east.

**111.** *the Capitol.* Cf. note on i. 3. 75. Possibly the fact that the Tower of London was due east of the Globe Theatre may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

**114.** *face of men, i.e.* the sense of danger and anxiety which we see on men's faces.

**114–116.** The construction is changed in the course of the sentence. "If these things are not motive strong enough" is the form intended at first.

**115.** *sufferance.* See Glossary.

**123.** ***What need we*** = why need we.

**126.** ***palter.*** See Glossary.

**129.** ***Swear priests:*** "to swear" is still used transitively as well as intransitively. We talk of "swearing a witness," "swearing a man to secrecy."

***cautelous.*** See Glossary.

**130.** ***carrion*** occurs several times as a term of contempt in Shakespeare.

**130, 131.** ***such . . . souls That.*** Cf. note on i. 2. 33.

**133.** ***even.*** See Glossary.

**134.** ***insuppressive.*** See Glossary.

**135.** ***To think,*** by thinking. The infinitive is thus frequently used for the gerund. Cf. ii. 2. 119, "I am to blame to be thus waited for," and iii. 2. 108, "What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?"

***or . . . or*** for "either . . . or" is common.

**138.** ***a several bastardy,*** is separately the cause of an illegitimate act. Every particle of the man is responsible for his act.

**141.** ***shall we sound him.*** Note the emphasis on *him*, marked by the scansion of the line. Line 183 presents an exact parallel.

**145.** ***silver hairs.*** What was Cicero's age? — Note the play upon the words *silver* and *purchase.*

**148.** ***youths.*** For the plural, see note on "behaviours," i. 2. 42.

**150.** ***break with him,*** make disclosure to him: so frequently.

**153.** Notice that whereas Cassius merely assents to Brutus's objection, without confirming it, Casca veers completely round.

**155.** Cassius, practical as usual, urges the direct advantages of removing Antony. Brutus is impressed, also as usual, by the sentimental aspect of the question. And as usual, Cassius gives way to Brutus.

**157.** ***find of him:*** a common construction, analogous to our "make a fool of."

**162.** Brutus has a fine confidence, not only that the motives of his fellow-conspirators are as pure as his own, but that their purity must be readily and proudly recognized. Cassius prefers a less hypothetical security.

**163.** ***To cut the head off:*** another instance of the infinitive used as gerund. Cf. above, l. 135 and note.

**166.** For the scansion see Appendix C, § 5 (iv).

**169.** ***come by,*** get possession of.

**174.** Malone quotes North's *Plutarch;* he "was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters."

**175.** ***as subtle masters do.*** The standing example in English history is that of Henry II and the murder of Becket. An instance from Shakespeare is the murder of Richard II.

**181.** Is Brutus wise in dissuading the conspirators from killing Antony along with Cæsar?

**183.** ***him,*** emphatic, as in l. 141.

**184.** ***ingrafted love,*** love that is so firmly fixed in him as to have become a part of him.

**187.** ***take thought.*** Cf. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" (Bible.)

**188.** ***And that were much,*** and that would be a great deal for him. Brutus is quite incapable of realizing the force that may be hidden behind so frivolous an exterior.

**190.** ***fear.*** See Glossary.

**191.** *Clock strikes.* This is an anachronism. Cf. ii. 4. 22, note. — Observe also the careful marking of time in these scenes leading up to the murder. It is eight when the conspirators summon Cæsar (ii. 2. 114), and "the ninth hour" when the soothsayer goes to meet him.

**194.** ***Whether.*** Cf. i. 1. 66, note.

**196.** ***Quite from the main opinion.*** Cf. "clean from the purpose," i. 3. 35.

***main.*** See Glossary.

**197.** ***ceremonies,*** superstitious notions — the third sense in which the word has occurred in this play; see i. 1. 70, 2. 11.

**198.** ***apparent:*** not "seeming" but "which have appeared" or possibly "evident"; but the latter is unlikely, as Cassius professes disbelief in omens (v. 1. 78).

**200.** ***augurers.*** The ordinary form "augur" never occurs as a substantive in the plays, except in a doubtful passage in *Macbeth.* The augurs were professional interpreters of omens, more especially of those obtained from sacrifices. Neither the state nor individuals ordinarily set about any important business without inquiring whether the omens were favorable.

**203.** Bacon in his essay *Of Friendship* has the following: — "With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife

had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica* (witch) as if he had enchanted Cæsar."

**204.** *Unicorns* were supposed to be captured by the huntsman standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged, so that it drove its horn into the tree.

**205.** "Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed." (Steevens.)

**215.** *bear Cæsar hard.* Cf. i. 2. 317.

**218.** *by him,* by way of his house.

**220.** *fashion him,* mould him: much as in l. 30, "fashion it thus."

**225.** *put on,* wear the appearance or signs of, like "put on fear," i. 3. 60.

**227.** *formal.* See Glossary.

**230.** *honey-heavy dew,* dew heavy with honey, or like honey; perhaps referring to the glutinous deposit known as "honey-dew." There was, however, a popular belief that the honey in flowers was generated by dew.

**231.** *figures.* See Glossary.

**234.** Portia plays a very small part, yet she is a singularly clear and complete figure. Her strength of character, her resolution, her tenderness, her persistency, and her loyalty are equally marked. The account of Portia's arguments and actions throughout is taken directly from Plutarch.

**236.** *condition,* of body. Below, l. 254, the word stands, again by itself, for "condition of mind," "temper." Portia's "weak condition" probably means that she had been actually ill, as Plutarch says she had brought on a fever by her wound (l. 300); and Brutus would have known of the fever though she had concealed the cause.

**237.** *Nor for yours neither.* The double negative was commonly used in English from the earliest period to a little past Shakespeare's time.

**238.** *Stole.* Cf. note on i. 2. 48.

**246.** *wafture.* See Glossary.

**250.** *humour.* See Glossary.

**254.** *condition.* Cf. l. 236, note.

**255.** *Dear my lord.* This order (descriptive adjective, possessive adjective, noun), of wider use in earlier English, is used by Shakespeare only in address: "Good my lord," "Sweet my child," etc.

**256.** *your cause of grief,* the cause of your grief.

**261.** *physical.* See Glossary.

**262.** *unbraced.* So in i. 3. 48, Cassius walked "unbraced." See i. 2. 267, note.

**283.** *in sort,* in a manner, *i.e.* only after a fashion.

**295.** *Cato,* M. Porcius Cato, who is the proverbial type of antique Roman virtue in an age of moral decay.

**308.** *charactery.* See Glossary.

**311.** *Caius Ligarius.* Rightly Quintus Ligarius. North has a marginal note, taken from Amyot, "In another place they call him Quintus." The mistake is Plutarch's.

**313.** *Vouchsafe,* vouchsafe to receive.

**315.** *kerchief.* See Glossary.

**319.** *Had you,* an imperfect harmony of tenses; "which I would tell you of" is understood.

**321.** *I here discard my sickness.* With these words Ligarius probably removes or throws away his "kerchief."

**323.** *exorcist.* See Glossary.

**324.** *mortified.* See Glossary.

**327–328.** Explain the meaning of these two lines.

**331.** *To whom it must be done, i.e.* "to him to whom it must be done" = "on our way to the Capitol, where we shall find Cæsar." This is a very exceptional construction, based on an extension of the usage by which "who" is the equivalent of "he who" or "him who." It is paralleled in Tennyson's *Sir Galahad,* 13–14.

> "How sweet are looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favors fall!"

Here "on whom" = "on those on whom." The Shakespearean passage has the additional peculiarity that not only must the word "to" be counted twice, but it must be taken in two different senses.

## SCENE 2

It is clear that Cæsar is really uneasy at the omens and portents, but will not confess so much even to himself. He seems to have arrived at a half-belief in his own superiority to the dangers of ordi-

nary men, and a real contempt for the fear of death, combined with a feeling that there is danger in the air.

The difference in the attitude of Calpurnia to Cæsar and of Portia to Brutus is very marked.

*night-gown.* See Glossary.

**1.** ***have been*** in strict grammar should be *has been*, the two subjects being connected by a disjunctive conjunction.

**3.** ***Who's within?*** not an inquiry, but a call for a servant; more commonly, "Who's there?"

**5.** ***present.*** See Glossary.

**6.** ***opinions.*** Cf. "behaviours," i. 2. 42, for the use of a plural where we should probably use the singular.

**13.** ***stood on,*** insisted on, made much of; so very frequently.

***ceremonies,*** superstitious ideas, as in ii. 1. 197.

**14–16.** ***There is one . . . recounts.*** The omission of the relative is common.

**19.** ***fought.*** Ff. *fight.* Dyce's correction, to restore the harmony of tenses.

**25.** ***use.*** See Glossary.

**27.** ***Whose end,*** purpose, object. There is a suggestion or a kind of fatalism which is old as Homer — which considers that the gods arrange a certain number of inevitable events, and leave humanity to settle minor matters. "We can avoid things which are not among the inevitable decrees." Line 36 would seem to imply that in Cæsar's view the hour of a man's death is among the things foredoomed.

**32–33.** Cf. North: "And when some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said, 'It was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.'"

**38.** ***to stir forth,*** a case where the *to* as sign of the infinitive may be inserted or omitted at pleasure. Cf. i. 1. 3, note.

**76.** ***statua.*** The Folios always print *statue;* but the word was clearly pronounced both as dissyllable and as trisyllable; therefore in the latter cases *statua* has been adopted.

**80.** ***portents,*** always accented on the second syllable; otherwise one might be inclined to omit *and.*

**89.** ***cognizance,*** memorial. The reference is clearly to the practice, familiar after the numerous executions under the houses of York and Tudor, of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of popular heroes. The explanation, however, is rather unfortunate from the point of view of Decius.

**96.** ***a mock.*** The substantive has fallen out of use except in the phrase "make mock" or "make a mock."

**103.** ***proceeding.*** We should use the plural *proceedings*. "Fortunate" is understood as commonly "luck" = "good luck."

**104.** ***liable.*** See Glossary.

**108.** Is Publius one of the conspirators?

**119.** ***to be.*** Cf. note on ii. 1. 135.

**129.** ***yearns.*** See Glossary.

## SCENE 3

The only hint of the conspiracy having been suspected by anyone is given by Artemidorus, except the enigmatical remark of Popilius at iii. 1. 12. The incident of Artemidorus is taken direct from Plutarch; its dramatic value lies in its answering the question how far such a wide conspiracy could have been conducted without raising some sort of suspicion.

**7, 8.** ***thou . . . you.*** *Thou* is generally used in passages of strong emotion; in addressing a recognized superior, or a recognized inferior; or between very familiar companions. *You* is the ordinary form in addressing equals, at any rate in prose. These are, however, mere general rules, not at all strictly adhered to. But the mixture of *thou* and *you* is not common; and here "look about thee" would be preferable.

**8.** ***security.*** See Glossary.

**10.** ***lover:*** often in Shakespeare only a rather warmer word than "friend." It is used twice by Brutus in his speech, iii. 2.

**14.** ***Out of the teeth.*** The modern idiom would be "can only live in the teeth of emulation."

**15, 16.** For the couplet concluding the scene cf. i. 2. 325, note.

**16.** ***contrive.*** See Glossary.

## SCENE 4

It is evident from Portia's perturbation that Brutus has told her of the conspiracy, and she, who bore her self-inflicted wound with patience and firmness, is now almost beside herself with anxiety. This scene gives us an insight into the state of her mind later, when she "fell distract" and killed herself (iv. 3. 155).

**6.** ***constancy.*** "Loyalty to my trust" would be the modern

rendering; but Shakespeare may have meant no more than "firmness," as often.

**18.** Note how suggestive is the sound of this line.

***rumour.*** See Glossary.

*Enter Soothsayer.* Tyrwhitt proposed to substitute *Artemidorus.* The part might be assigned to him, as it is not implied that he knew more than that certain definite people were not to be trusted. Moreover, the Soothsayer had no "suit" to Cæsar (27), and Artemidorus had. Still, there is hardly enough ground for deserting the text. It may be doubted if Portia would have addressed Artemidorus as "fellow," though he is "the fellow" to Cæsar (iii. 1. 10).

**23.** ***the ninth hour,*** *i.e.* nine o'clock. Shakespeare reckons the time in modern fashion. The Romans, however, divided the period of daylight into twelve "hours" from sunrise to sunset.

**24.** ***Is Cæsar . . . gone.*** With verbs of motion, *to be* is often the auxiliary, as in modern French; cf. iii. 2. 11, "The noble Brutus is ascended."

**31.** ***any harm's,*** any harm that is. Cf. ii. 2. 14–16 and note.

**40.** For scansion see Appendix C. § 6 (vi).

**42–43.** ***Brutus hath . . . not grant.*** What does Portia mean by this?

## ACT III — SCENE 1

This is the central scene of the play. Cæsar is apparently the only person unconscious of the tremendous tension at the opening — a tension which never slackens till the end of the act.

**1.** To what previous speech does this line refer?

**8.** Cæsar's dignity occasionally verges on the pompous and bombastic, but this has the true imperial ring.

**17.** ***discovered.*** The final *-ed* is pronounced as a separate syllable or not, according to convenience. So we have "banishéd" in 44, and "banish'd" in 51.

**18.** For scansion see Appendix C, § 6 (vi).

**22.** ***constant.*** See Glossary.

**28.** ***presently.*** See Glossary.

**29.** ***address'd.*** See Glossary.

**30.** ***the first that rears your hand.*** The construction is a compromise between "the first that rears his hand," in which verb and possessive adjective take their person from "the first," and "the first who rear your hand," in which verb and possessive ad-

jective take their person from "you," the subject of the principal clause. Shakespeare's usage in constructions of this type is variable. Cf. iv. 3. 13 and note.

**32.** *Cæsar and his senate.* The fact that the Senate was Cæsar's instrument was not so galling to the bookish republicans like Brutus as his assuming that it was so; just as it was the idea of the coronation which shocked them more than the actual power. Cæsar's phrase is an apt spur to hesitation on their part.

**38.** *And turn,* turn what is predestined and decreed from the beginning into laws as subject to change as children's rules; that is, "they are as likely to do that as to affect me, because I am not an ordinary man."

*first decree.* Craik's conjecture *fixt* is tempting.

**39.** *fond.* See Glossary. For the omission of *as* cf. iii. 2. 125, iv. 3. 270.

**40, 41.** *such . . . That.* Cf. note on i. 2. 33.

**47.** *Cæsar doth not wrong.* "Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things that could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'" — Ben Jonson, *Discoveries.* Jonson also parodies the passage in *The Staple of News:* "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong but with just cause." He has thus preserved for us what is apparently the first version of this line, containing an absurdity which Shakespeare later eliminated.

**54.** *freedom of repeal,* free recall.

**57.** *enfranchisement,* full restoration of the rights of citizenship.

**59.** "Being too high to pray to anyone, I am also too firm to be moved by the prayers of others." *Prayers* (often disyllabic in Shakespeare) should be read as a monosyllable, to bring the stress on *me,* as on *him* in ii. 1. 141, 181, and 183.

**65.** *hold his place,* keep an unchanging position in the firmament.

**67.** *apprehensive.* See Glossary.

**70.** *Unshaked.* For the form cf. i. 3. 6, note on "rived."

**77.** *Et tu, Brute.* The phrase does not come from Plutarch or any classical authority. Its source is unknown; for conjecture see Introduction, § 2.

**81.** *enfranchisement.* Cf. line 57; but here it is implied that no one could be a fully enfranchised citizen while Cæsar ruled. Comment on the line as a "platform."

**84.** ***the pulpit,*** *i.e.* the rostra.

**92.** Note this speech as indicative of the gentler side of Cassius's character; which is elsewhere hardly allowed to appear except in his very strong affection for Brutus, until Act v.

**94.** ***abide.*** See Glossary.

**95.** ***But we:*** should be, "but us." With personal pronouns, however, such irregularity — and the converse — is far from rare. Cf. i. 3. 76, note.

**97.** ***wives.*** See Glossary.

**100.** ***stand upon,*** make much of; as in ii. 2. 13, "I never stood on ceremonies."

**121.** ***most boldest.*** The double superlative occurs several times, as does the double comparative; *e.g.* the familiar "How much more elder art thou than thy looks"; and "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

**123–137.** Note that Antony never commits himself to more than that he will be friends with the conspirators provided they make their case good.

**131.** ***resolved.*** See Glossary.

**136.** ***Thorough.*** See Glossary.

**138, 139.** Observe, again, how readily Brutus accepts the honesty of anyone who compliments him judiciously. Until now he had invariably spoken of Antony in terms of contempt.

**140.** ***so please him come.*** This phrase contains two elliptical forms. The full sentence would be: "If it be so that it please him to come." For the omission of *to* before the infinitive cf. note on i. 1. 3, "ought not walk." *So* is frequently used in this way, especially in the phrase "so please you" = "if it please you."

**143.** ***to friend,*** as a friend.

**145.** ***my misgiving, etc.,*** my suspicions are not often ill-grounded.

**146.** ***shrewdly.*** See Glossary.

**148.** Antony's speeches require particularly close attention throughout. They abound in irony in the sense that their superficial meaning, intended for the conspirators, is different from what the same words would convey to one who knew what Antony's designs were: a meaning which a slight intonation would at once convey even to the unsuspecting Brutus. There is nothing for the most suspicious to catch hold of, and yet there is no phrase inconsistent with his subsequent action. Here, he is feeling his way — not as to his ultimate course, which is decided, but to see how far he can make the conspirators unconscious instruments in his

own hands. Cassius, who alone knows that the man they are dealing with is "a shrewd contriver," is not deceived, but is completely baffled in the attempt to make Brutus see with his own acuteness.

Note especially the skill with which Antony frankly assumes the rôle of a great admirer of Cæsar who has received a severe shock: thereby disarming suspicion and getting credit for being perfectly open when his hidden meaning is most sinister.

**152.** *be let blood.* An inaccurately formed passive, similar to "to be given a book." The active form is, for instance, "I let him blood," short for "I let him forth blood," where "him" is dative of reference or concern. Therefore such a passive form as "He is let blood" is contrary to strict grammatical rule.

*rank.* See Glossary.

**154.** *nor no instrument.* Cf. ii. 1. 237 and note.

**155.** *that . . . as.* Cf. i. 2. 33 and note.

**157.** *bear me hard.* Cf. i. 2. 317 and note.

**160.** *apt.* See Glossary.

**161.** *mean.* We should use the plural form *means.*

**171.** *as fire drives out fire.* A proverb. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 46, "Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning." For scansion see Appendix C, § 6 (viii).

**174–175.** "Our arms and hearts of brothers' temper in strength of malice. Brutus means that toward him they had no more malice than brothers have towards one another." (MacMillan.)

**177.** Cassius, regarding Antony as "a shrewd contriver," at once appeals to his interest to secure his support, having been overruled in the desire to remove him. Brutus thinks of him as the friend who must be reasoned into forgiveness.

**192.** *conceit.* See Glossary.

**196.** *dearer.* The adjective used for the adverb is very common; see Abbott, § 1.

**204.** *bay'd.* See Glossary.

**205.** *hunters.* Cf. ii. 1. 174—

> "Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

Every aspiration, every finer desire, with which Brutus entered on the conspiracy is falsified in the result.

**206.** *Sign'd in thy spoil,* bearing the stains of your blood as the insignia of their craft; as the working men in i. 1 were told that they should carry the "signs" of their trade. *Spoil* may perhaps

have been a technical term, but it seems rather to mean "blood," from a natural extension of the common use of the word for "destruction."

*lethe* (F 1. *Lethee*) probably stands for "death," as "lethal" is used for "deadly." Steevens quotes Heywood's *Iron Age*, ii. 1632—

> "The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd
> Is now extinct in lethe."

**208.** *heart.* For the play upon words cf. i. 2. 156 and note.

**209.** *strucken.* For the form cf. ii. 2. 114.

**213.** *modesty.* See Glossary.

**216.** *prick'd.* See Glossary, and cf. iv. 1. 1.

**224.** *regard.* See Glossary.

**235.** Brutus, as usual, entirely convinced of the reasonableness of his own position, assumes that he has only to state it clearly to his neighbors to convince them likewise; while he never doubts that his fellow conspirators are swayed by precisely the same considerations. Cassius knows that there are other lights in which the proceedings may be looked at.

**252.** Observe how studiously Antony subsequently keeps to the letter of his engagement, until his formal funeral address is over and he has descended from the rostra.

**257.** *the tide of times.* The ebb and flow of fortune, with a thought of the sudden reverse which had befallen; for the idea cf. iv. 3. 218.

**262.** *the limbs of men.* There will be civil war, and the limbs of combatants (and non-combatants, as in l. 267) will suffer. Men will be treated precisely as Cæsar has been. It is a part of the general picture of bloodshed to come.

**271.** *Ate.* The Greek goddess of strife.

**273.** *Havoc.* See Glossary.

*let slip,* the technical word for setting greyhounds free from the leash.

*the dogs of war.* Cf. *Henry V*, Prologue i. 6—

> "at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
> Crouch for employment."

**274.** *That.* Cf. i. 1. 50 and note.

**289.** *Rome.* The play on "room" is suggested again.

**297.** ***Lend me your hand.*** As the Elizabethan theatre had no front curtain, the bodies of the slain had to be removed at the end of the scene.

## SCENE 2

The effect of Antony's speeches in this scene derives great additional force from the contrast with Brutus. The dignity of the latter and his moral weight (not his reasoning, which the mob fail to follow) produce their own effect; but Antony appeals to the popular emotions entirely, and Brutus's reliance on the reasonableness of his audience is naturally and completely falsified.

The student will find an attempt to distinguish character in the separate citizens interesting.

**11.** ***is ascended.*** Cf. ii. 4. 24 and note. — What was the "pulpit" from which Brutus and Anthony spoke?

**12.** Observe the formal balance of phrase against phrase throughout Brutus's speech, as if it were constructed according to the best rules. The result is a complete absence of spontaneity.

**13.** ***lovers.*** Cf. ii. 3. 9 and note.

**16.** ***censure.*** See Glossary.

**25.** ***to live.*** The construction here is doubtful. Either "so as" is omitted (for which cf. iii. 1. 40, "Be not fond to think," etc.) or "to live" is parallel to "and die," in which case this would be an instance of the omission and insertion of *to* in the same sentence; cf. i. 2. 172–173 and note.

**29.** ***There is tears.*** A singular verb with plural subject is common in Shakespeare, and if the Folio readings are accepted, much more so than the ordinary texts show. Most of the instances may be explained (1) as here, by the verb being spoken before its subject is decided; (2) by the intervention of a singular word between verb and subject; (3) by the subject being a relative whose precise antecedent is forgotten; (4) by the plural subject conveying a single idea, and being equivalent to a noun of multitude, — etc. But that usage was exceedingly loose in the matter may be shown by indubitable examples to which no such explanations apply.

**33.** ***rude.*** See Glossary.

**40.** ***enrolled.*** Brutus means that a record of the conspirators' reasons for killing Cæsar may be consulted in the public archives (either in the form of a written statement prepared by himself, or in the minutes of a speech made before the Senate). But the populace was not likely to consult public documents.

**47.** ***in the commonwealth,*** restored to existence by the death of

Cæsar. While he lived, no one had "a place in the commonwealth"; all were merely Cæsar's bondmen — in the phrase of Cassius.

**56.** *Let him be Cæsar.* Nothing could better show how this citizen, at least, is incapable of understanding Brutus's motives and arguments.

**66.** *spoke.* For the form cf. i. 2. 48 and note.

**70.** *sake, beholding.* See Glossary.

**78–257.** Antony's speeches cannot be too carefully studied. To begin with, the mob whom he is addressing are all, for the moment, in favor of Brutus — nothing against him would have a hearing. It is by appealing to their old affection for Cæsar, while studiously expressing, by tones as well as words, admiration for the hero of the moment, that Antony brings them into sympathy with himself. Not till this is accomplished, and he feels that he has his hearers thoroughly in hand, does he give the ironical turn to his complimentary phrases (at l. 129). At that point the mask is dropped, but the words are still in literal accord with his compact with Brutus (iii. 1. 251). When he descends from the rostra, his part in the "order of the funeral" is over, and there is no pretence of his words being favorable to the conspirators; the complimentary phrases are merely fuel added to the flames. But from first to last it is passionate emotion to which he appeals; not as an academic debater like Brutus, but as an orator who seeks not to convince but to excite.

**108.** *withholds you . . . to mourn.* Cf. ii. 1. 135 and note.

**109.** This sentence is a test of the extent to which the audience are secured.

**113.** The citizens hardly seem to be conscious of any change of front on their own part.

**115.** *Has he.* First three Folios, *h'a's hee.* Professor Littledale suggests reading, "Ha, has he," which makes the line metrically regular; the interjection and question could be uttered in a tone to indicate that the speaker agrees with the Second Citizen, as his next words show.

**119.** *abide it.* See Glossary, and cf. iii. 1. 94.

**125.** *so poor to do.* Cf. iii. 1. 39 and note.

**138.** *dip their napkins.* Cf. ii. 2. 89 and note.

**147.** Compare the very contradictory remark addressed to the same populace, i. 1. 40.

**148, 149.** *hearing the will of Cæsar, It will . . .* Subject repeated.

**154.** *to tell you,* in telling you. Cf. line 108, and ii, 1. 135 and note.

**171.** *far.* See Glossary.

**177.** *the Nervii.* Antony refers to a battle, 57 B. C., in which Cæsar and his army had a narrow escape from annihilation, but finally by conspicuous and desperate courage achieved a brilliant victory. North says, "He led his army against the Nervians, the stoutest warriors of all the Belgæ."

**178–201.** Antony had been carefully drawn aside, and was not present at the scene of assassination. His whole description is imaginary. Observe that in this speech "envious," "cruel," "bloody," and "traitors" are no longer repressed. This is not "in the order of the funeral."

**183.** *resolved.* See Glossary.

**185.** This close friendship of Cæsar and Brutus has no authority. It is doubtless the result of a confusion between M. Brutus and Decimus Brutus (cf. note on ii. 1. 203).

*angel,* attendant guardian spirit; like "genius," ii. 1. 66.

**187.** *the most unkindest.* Cf. iii. 1. 121 and note.

**198.** *dint.* See Glossary.

**199.** *what, weep you.* The Folio reading *what weep you* is very likely right (cf. ii. 1. 123 and note).

**247.** *drachmas.* The amount of 75 drachmas is given by Plutarch. The actual value it is not possible to compute, because (1) the comparative purchasing power of a given weight of silver in Rome as against the present day cannot be stated; (2) *drachma* is a Greek term, and the drachmæ of different Greek states had different values. Speaking roughly, however, the drachma was likely to be about half of the Roman *denarius*, a coin worth ten *asses*, and the *as* was worth about one pound of copper. In later times, however, the denarius and drachma were treated as about equivalent, being worth about twenty cents. Plutarch's *drachma* was probably given as equivalent to *denarius* (as by Pliny).

**254.** *On this side Tiber.* Shakespeare follows North's mistranslation. The gardens were on the western (right) bank of the Tiber, occupying part of the site of the modern quarter of Trastevere.

**264.** *forms.* See Glossary.

**274.** *rid.* For the form, cf. "writ," iv. 3. 183. The tendency to drop the final *-en* would be encouraged by the existence of such participles as "chid," "hid," etc., formed without this suffix.

**275.** *notice of the people, How,* relative clause, amplifying the noun, as in "I know thee who thou art."

## SCENE 3

This scene should be compared carefully with its original in Plutarch; Shakespeare has suppressed some of Plutarch's details, modified others, and introduced new ones, all with definite purpose.

**1.** ***to-night.*** Cf. ii. 2. 76 and Glossary.

**2.** ***unluckily.*** See Glossary.

**13.** ***you were best,*** it were best for you. Properly, an impersonal construction, *you* being dative. This being understood, the erroneous personal construction, "I were best," instead of "me were best," came into general adoption. Cf. "if you please," which was originally = "if it please you."

**20.** ***you'll bear me a bang.*** Dative of reference or concern; cf. i. 2. 267.

## ACT IV — SCENE 1

The whole of Act iv is occupied mainly with preparation for the final contest, and has little effect on the action of the piece; the interest in it turns entirely on the special development of character; in the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius, and on the episode of Cæsar's ghost, which is effective as impressing the audience with the sense of doom, but does not directly influence the result.

*In Rome.* That this was intended is proved by l. 11. Plutarch, however, in the *Life of Antony* says the triumvirs met "in an iland environed round about with a little river"; specified in the *Life of Cicero* as "by the city of Bolonia (Bologna)."

**4.** ***Publius.*** Cf. Plutarch, Appendix A, *Antony*, § 19.

**6.** ***damn.*** See Glossary.

**9.** ***charge.*** See Glossary. Why does Antony's proposal to suppress these legacies seem particularly shocking?

**11.** ***Or . . . or.*** Cf. ii. 1. 135 and note. There are some peculiarities in these last two acts: a recurrence of this form; a frequent use of *Cassius* as a trisyllable; etc.

**12.** ***slight unmeritable.*** See Glossary.

**14.** Why is the world called "three-fold"?

**23.** ***Either.*** There is reason for believing that in passages like the present (where it occupies the unstressed place in the foot) this word could be pronounced as a monosyllable, with the *–the–* silent. Cf. i. 1. 66 and note.

**26.** ***empty.*** See Glossary.

**27.** In *Antony and Cleopatra* (iii. 6. 32) it is Octavius who acts on the suggestion which Antony makes here, but on the ground that Lepidus has "grown too cruel."

**32.** ***wind.*** See Glossary.

***directly on,*** straight forward.

**34.** ***in some taste,*** in some sort.

**37.** ***abjects, orts.*** Staunton's conjecture for *objects, arts,* of the Ff., which can hardly be retained. See Glossary.

**40.** ***a property,*** *i.e.* a chattel or tool, not a responsible person.

**41.** ***Listen great things.*** Cf. v. 5. 15, "List a word."

**42.** ***powers.*** See Glossary.

**44.** Scansion and sense show that this line is corrupt. There is no emendation which is convincing. "Our best friends made secure, our means stretched out" would be fairly satisfactory.

**46.** ***disclosed.*** See Glossary.

**48.** ***at the stake.*** Metaphor from bear-baiting.

**49.** ***bay'd about.*** Cf. iii. 1. 204, "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart."

## SCENE 2

The whole account of the dissension at Sardis is taken with very little change from Plutarch.

**2.** As Titinius should be with Brutus, it is probably he who should give the word of command, not Lucilius.

**6.** ***He greets me well.*** A formal acknowledgment of the salutation; the precise meaning of *well* in the context is unimportant.

**7.** ***In his own change,*** because of some change in himself. However, it is doubtful whether Brutus would have made such a suggestion to Pindarus, and perhaps we should read "charge," *i.e.* "by orders which he has issued himself, or by the misconduct of subordinates."

**10.** ***be satisfied,*** have a sufficient explanation.

**16.** ***familiar instances,*** marks of familiarity. Cf. i. 2. 9 and note.

**23.** ***at hand,*** in hand, when held in.

**26.** ***fall.*** See Glossary.

**28.** Where was Sardis?

**46.** ***enlarge.*** See Glossary.

**50.** According to the text, Lucilius, an officer, and Pindarus, Cassius's servant, are sent to carry orders to the commanders; and Titinius, an officer, and Lucius, Brutus's servant, are told off to

guard the doors. In iv. 3. 127 Lucilius is guarding the doors; in iv. 3. 139 Lucilius and Titinius are sent to carry orders to the commanders. Craik diminished the difficulties by omitting "Let" (l. 52) and interchanging "Lucilius" (50) and "Lucius" (52)

## SCENE 3

Observe throughout how Cassius is the moving spirit in his dealings with Brutus, yet when it comes to a difference of opinion Cassius always gives way. The chief instances are as to bringing Cicero into the conspiracy, as to killing Antony as well as Cæsar, as to allowing Antony free speech, and, in this scene, as to the course to be taken in the war.

The first 26 lines of this scene are taken direct from Plutarch, only at once condensed and glorified.

**2.** ***noted.*** See Glossary.

**8.** ***nice.*** See Glossary.

**10.** ***to have,*** for *having*, infinitive for gerund. Cf. ii. 1. 135 and note.

**11.** ***mart.*** See Glossary.

**13.** ***that speak.*** Folio, "that speaks." As the antecedent of "that" is not "Brutus," but "you," the correction, while not certain, is probable. Cf. iii. 1. 30 and note.

**18.** The argument is, "if for the sake of justice we did such a deed, how can we use the result to deal unjustly for our own profit?"

**25.** ***the mighty space,*** etc., "our honors, which are so vast a possession," contrasted with the mere handful of gold.

**27.** ***bay.*** See Glossary.

**28.** ***bay.*** Ff. *bait.* The emendation is Theobald's, and is a too obvious improvement to be rejected.

**36.** ***health.*** See Glossary.

**37.** ***slight man.*** Cf. iv. 1. 12. What justification in Plutarch for this epithet?

**47.** ***spleen.*** We still talk of *spleen* metaphorically as the seat of angry emotion; in the old writers it was regarded as the seat of emotion generally.

**55** *ff.* Cassius is making a desperate effort to govern his temper, not from fear, for he never shows any sign of cowardice, but because of his personal affection for Brutus. This is another example of the extent to which Cassius is swayed by purely personal feeling, as shown in the whole tone of his attack on Cæsar in i. 2.

**72, 73.** ***I had rather coin . . . than to wring.*** Cf. i. 2 172, 173 and note.

**75.** ***indirection.*** See Glossary.

**80.** ***rascal.*** See Glossary.

**85.** ***rived.*** Cf. i. 3. 6 and note.

**96.** ***his brother.*** Cf. ii. 1. 70 and note.

**102.** ***Dearer,*** worth more.

***Plutus'.*** Ff., "Pluto's." Pluto, as well as Plutus, was the god of riches.

**108.** ***it shall, i.e.*** your anger.

**109.** ***shall be humour,*** shall be reckoned as distempered humor.

**124.** In Plutarch the intruder is not himself a poet, but addresses the generals in a passage, of which Plutarch gives the opening line, taken from the *Iliad* (i. 259 ff.). North's translation of the line is so quaint that it probably suggested to Shakespeare the change from would-be cynic to would-be poet.

**133.** ***cynic.*** See Glossary.

**137.** ***jigging.*** See Glossary.

**155.** ***That tidings.*** In Shakespeare *tidings* is treated as either singular or plural.

***distract.*** See Glossary, and cf. "incorporate," i. 3. 135.

**165.** ***call in question,*** bring forward for discussion.

**169.** ***power.*** See Glossary.

**170.** ***Philippi.*** Locate.

**177.** ***seventy:*** "two hundred" in Plutarch.

**183.** ***Nor nothing:*** the double negative, as often.

***writ.*** Cf. "rid," iii. 2. 273 and note.

**190.** Brutus's reason for making this display of self-control, and pretending that the news of Portia's death is perfectly fresh to him, is obscure.

**191.** ***once.*** See Glossary.

**194, 195.** "I have learned as well as you how it should be done, but I lack the natural strength to carry my knowledge into practice as you do." Imperturbability was aimed at by the Epicureans (such as Cassius) as much as by Stoics (such as Brutus).

**196.** ***our work alive, i.e.*** which has to do with the living.

**209.** ***new-added,*** newly added to.

**218–224.** Note the irony of giving this speech, with its air of worldly experience and bold decision, to the unworldly and reflective Brutus. Note too that the outcome shows Brutus to have been hopelessly mistaken: the "tide" which he persuades Cassius to take, leads to disaster, not to fortune.

**220.** ***Omitted,*** neglected.

**224.** ***ventures.*** See Glossary.

**228.** ***niggard.*** See Glossary.

**231.** For scansion see Appendix C, § 6 (vii).

**241.** ***knave, o'erwatch'd.*** See Glossary.

**247.** ***raise.*** See Glossary.

**250.** Note the characteristic consideration for his neighbors which marks Brutus, and is especially displayed in this scene as a preliminary to the ghostly reminder that Cæsar's blood was on his hands.

**252.** ***book,*** an anachronism, as Shakespeare was thinking of a book in the modern shape instead of in rolls.

**268.** ***mace.*** See Glossary.

**270.** ***so much wrong to wake.*** Cf. iii. 1. 39 and note.

**274.** *Ghost of Cæsar.* The story of the vision is based on Plutarch, but there no suggestion is made that the spirit which appeared was that of Cæsar. Brutus does not seem so to identify it here, but at v. 5. 18 he clearly does. The feeling that Cæsar's ghost would produce a better stage effect than an indefinite Evil Angel would have been quite enough to justify the modification. Also the intention may be to suggest that though Cæsar was slain, Cæsarism was not buried with his body.

**280.** ***stare.*** See Glossary.

**285, 287.** ***shall . . . will.*** Explain the difference in force between the two auxiliaries.

## ACT V — SCENE 1

This scene further reveals the unyielding character of Octavius. The action is linked with what has preceded by Antony's reference to Brutus's part in the assassination, and by Cassius's retort concerning Antony's speech at Cæsar's funeral.

The feeling of disaster is heightened by Cassius's foreboding and by his disturbance over the ravens, particularly since formerly (i. 3) he had been so little affected by evil omens. The circle of action is completed in this battle. ("This same day must end that work the ides of March begun"), and the influence of Cæsar is strongly apparent in the failing fortunes of his murderers.

**4.** ***battles.*** See Glossary.

**5.** ***warn.*** See Glossary.

**7.** ***in their bosoms,*** in their confidence. Octavius claims to have been right in his expectation, while Antony was wrong.

Antony replies that on the vital point — that the enemy had no real confidence, and were relying merely on brag — he was in fact correct.

**10.** ***fearful bravery.*** There are two possible interpretations: (1) "terrifying magnificence," about the same as "gallant show," l. 13; (2) "frightened boldness," in keeping with the immediate context. The former seems preferable, and is supported by what North's *Plutarch* says of the "bravery and rich furniture" of Brutus's army.

**18.** ***the right hand.*** In fact, Octavius led the left wing. Shakespeare inserts this to develop his treatment of the character of the two generals. As Brutus was opposed to Octavius in the battle, the dramatist gives Brutus the left wing instead of the right; having already made the deference of Cassius to Brutus sufficiently marked.

**19.** ***exigent.*** See Glossary.

**20.** Octavius does not wrangle, but he has his own way.

**24.** ***answer, etc.***, "when they make the attack, we will meet it," *i.e.* "let them commence the battle."

**33.** ***the posture of your blows,*** where you will succeed in planting your blows.

***are.*** Plural verb with singular subject. Not so common as the singular verb with plural subject, but due here to an explanation of the same type as in many of the converse examples — the intervention of a plural word, *thought of* as the subject, between the grammatical subject and the verb.

**34.** ***Hybla.*** In Sicily, mentioned by classical authors as famous for honey.

**35.** ***Not stingless too?*** Antony means that his words may be sweet, but they carry their sting, referring to his reproach to Brutus, ll. 29–31.

**41.** This description accords with Plutarch, but is imaginative on Antony's part, as he was not present.

***like hounds.*** The words have a reminiscence of "not hew him like a carcass fit for hounds"; cf. ii. 1. 174, note, and Antony's words, iii. 1. 204 and following lines.

**44.** For scansion see Appendix C, § 5 (v).

**46–47.** To what does Cassius refer?

**48.** ***the cause.*** "Let us get to business."

**60.** ***honourable:*** adj. for adv. For the scansion see Appendix C, § 7 (vi).

**61.** ***worthless.*** See Glossary.

**66.** ***stomachs.*** See Glossary.

**71–89.** Find in North's *Plutarch* the material of this speech.

**72.** ***as this very day.*** Cf. v. 3. 23. The "as" has no appreciable force, but serves to introduce the adverbial phrase of time. This use of "as" may be traced as far back as the time of Chaucer (and earlier), and still survives in the expression "as yet."

**77.** ***Epicurus.*** The two schools of philosophy derived from Plato, which more or less divided the Roman world in such matters, were those of Epicurus and of the Stoics. Cassius is said to have followed the Epicurean school, according to which the gods troubled themselves very little with mortal affairs. The supernatural element in human things being thus practically denied, omens and prodigies were regarded as mere superstitions. Cassius, however, finds his natural superstition getting the better of his rationalistic theories.

**80.** ***former:*** "foremost" in North. There is no other example in Shakespeare of *former* used of *place* instead of *time.*

**83.** ***consorted.*** See Glossary.

**88.** ***fatal.*** See Glossary.

**96.** ***incertain.*** See Glossary.

**101–108.** "In accordance with the principles of Stoicism, which made me condemn Cato's suicide, I somehow find it shameful so to anticipate death for fear of what might otherwise befall, and arm myself with patience to await what the gods provide." In itself, this speech presents no great difficulty, but it has been much discussed in its relation to the (incorrect) passage of North, on which it is based, and to Brutus's next speech and his final suicide.

**105.** ***prevent.*** See Glossary.

**107.** ***stay.*** See Glossary.

**111–113.** Brutus has no thought of suicide; he expects to conquer or die.

## SCENE 2

**1.** ***bills.*** See Glossary. Find the passage in Plutarch, Appendix A.

**2.** ***the other side,*** the other wing.

## SCENE 3

**3.** ***ensign.*** See Glossary.

**38.** ***swore.*** See Glossary under *swear*, and cf. *fall*, iv. 2. 26.

***saving of thy life.*** Equivalent to "in the saving of thy life,"

in which "saving" is not the present participle, but the gerund, with the construction of a substantive.

**41.** ***this good sword.*** This piece of "poetic justice" is from Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*.

**43.** ***hilts.*** The plural and singular forms were used indiscriminately.

**47.** Note that in spite of Cassius being always depicted as of a hasty temper, Pindarus obviously regards him with affection — another testimony to the really tender side of his character. The language of his own followers at all times bears out this view of him.

**65, 66.** ***success.*** See Glossary.

**67.** Why is error called "melancholy's child"? Of what error is Messala thinking?

**68.** ***apt.*** See Glossary.

**71.** ***kill'st the mother.*** This alludes to a popular belief regarding the viper, recorded by Greek and Roman writers, and commonly referred to by authors of Shakespeare's time. What confusion is introduced by this new figure?

**88.** ***regarded.*** See Glossary.

**96.** ***proper.*** See Glossary.

**97.** ***whether.*** Cf. i. 1. 66 and note.

**99.** ***The.*** The definite article is only occasionally used with a vocative. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 271 —

> "The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
> Cordelia leaves you."

**101.** ***moe.*** See Glossary.

**109.** ***three o'clock.*** Titinius above talked of the "setting sun." Plutarch says that at the second battle Brutus "suddenly caused his army to march, being past three o'clock of the afternoon"; which accounts for that hour being named here.

**110.** The second fight as a matter of fact did not take place for another twenty days.

## SCENE 4

**7–8.** The name of the speaker of these two lines is omitted in the Folios. The *Exit* at l. 8 is not in the Folios. MacMillan gives these two lines to Lucilius, thus making them prepare for l. 18, beyond question the right arrangement. "Brutus, my country's friend," would be beneath the real Brutus.

**13.** ***There is so much.*** Possibly Lucilius, speaking in the character of Brutus, means that so much can be laid to his charge that the soldier is sure to kill him immediately (MacMillan). The stage-direction is not in the Folios.

**30.** ***whether.*** Cf. i. 1. 66 and note.

## SCENE 5

**3.** ***came not,*** has not come; past tense used for perfect. Cf. *Genesis*, xliv. 28, "And I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since."

**5.** ***Hark thee.*** What does Brutus whisper to Clitus?

**14.** ***That,*** for "so that."

**15.** ***List.*** Cf. iv. 1. 41, "Listen great things."

**19.** The second appearance of the "spirit" is only mentioned incidentally in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar* — not in the full account of the death of Brutus.

**28.** ***hilts.*** Cf. v. 3. 43 and note.

**35.** ***found.*** Cf. v. 5. 3 and note.

**46.** ***smatch.*** See Glossary.

**60.** ***entertain.*** See Glossary.

**62.** ***prefer.*** See Glossary.

**71, 72.** The construction is loose, but the meaning is clear, "From the general honesty of his motives, and for the common good."

**73.** For the bearing of this line on the date of the play see Introduction, § 1.

***elements.*** See Glossary.

**79.** ***honourably.*** See Appendix C, § 7 (vi).

**80.** ***call the field to rest,*** sound the signal for cessation of hostilities. *Field* is probably used in a sense analogous to the modern use as a hunting term.

# APPENDIX A

## EXTRACTS FROM NORTH'S PLUTARCH

[The text is based on that of the first edition, 1579. For convenience of reference, the numbers of the corresponding sections of the Greek text have been inserted.]

### The Life of Julius Cæsar

**56.** After all these things were ended, he was chosen Consul the fourth time, and went into Spain to make war with the sons of Pompey. . . . The greatest battle that was fought between them in all this war, was by the city of Munda. . . . He wan this battle on the very feast-day of the Bacchanalians, in the which men say that Pompey the Great went out of Rome, about four years before, to begin this civil war. For his sons, the younger scaped from the battle; but within few days after Didius brought the head of the elder. This was the last war that Cæsar made. But the triumph he made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than any thing that ever he had done before; because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown. And because he had plucked up his race by the roots, men did not think it meet for him to triumph so for the calamities of his country, rejoicing at a thing for the which he had but one excuse to allege in his defence unto the gods and men, that he was compelled to do that he did. . . .

**57.** And when some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said, "It was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." . . .

**60.** When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty,

disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth, insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet-collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evil, when standing of their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness. . . .

**61.** At that time the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and to put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery ; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chain of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair and commanded the crown to

be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down, and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. . . . Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships. . . .

**62.** Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: "Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar, the circumstance whereof we have set down more at large in Brutus' life. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much, whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

**63.** Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire, and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart, and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on

that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily to the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come;" "So they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters, as he was wont to do, at the board; so, talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for." Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. . . . Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear and superstition, and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

**64.** But in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus; he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and

how could they like of his friends' words? . . . Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. . . .

**65.** And one Artemidorus also, born in the isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him and said, "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. . . .

**66.** It is also reported, that Cassius (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him; but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half besides himself. Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honour. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment, and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him and were the earnester with him, Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca, behind him, strake him in the neck with his sword; howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, "O

vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" and Casca in Greek, to his brother, "Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, that they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. . . . Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposedly, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up the ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twenty wounds upon his body; and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

**67.** When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would have said something touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. . . . The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reproved nor allowed the fact; for by their great silence they shewed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. . . .

**68.** But when they had opened Cæsar's testament, and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords, then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body; and setting them afire, burnt the corse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the fire-brands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Other also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of

them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go; then that Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna, hearing at that time that they burnt Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides, he went into the market-place to honour his funerals. When he came thither, one of mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murthered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself), wherefore taking him for Cinna the murtherer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently despatched him in the market-place. . . .

**69.** But his great prosperity and good fortune that favoured him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other, is most to be wondered at; for he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippes, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Cæsar. . . . But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly, that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain and lived with as little sleep as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Then Brutus replied again, and said, "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus, being in battle near unto the city of Philippes against

Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he wan the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it and slew himself; but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

## The Life of Marcus Brutus

**1.** Marcus Brutus came of that Junius Brutus for whom the ancient Romans made his statue of brass to be set up in the Capitol with the images of the kings, holding a naked sword in his hand, because he had valiantly put down the Tarquins from the kingdom of Rome. . . .

**8.** Now Cæsar, on the other side, did not trust him overmuch, nor was without tales brought unto him against him, howbeit he feared his great mind, authority, and friends. Yet, on the other side also, he trusted his good nature and fair conditions. For intelligence being brought him one day that Antonius and Dolabella did conspire against him, he answered "That these fat long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows," meaning by that Brutus and Cassius. . . .

**9.** But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote, "Oh, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!" and again, "That thou wert here among us now!" His tribunal or chair where he gave audience during the time he was prætor was full of such bills: "Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed." . . .

**10.** Now when Cassius felt his friends, and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed, and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise and attempt as that did not so much require men of manhood and courage to draw their swords, as it stood them upon to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man boldly think that by his only presence the fact

were holy and just. If he took not this course, then that they should go to it with fainter hearts, and when they had done it, they should be more fearful, because every man would think that Brutus would not have refused to have made one with them, if the cause had been good and honest. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter with himself, did first of all speak to Brutus, since they grew strange together for the suit they had for the prætorship. So when he was reconciled to him again, and that they had embraced one another, Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day, that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him, he would not be there. "But if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word, "Why," quoth he, "what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or suchlike base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to shew the people pastime; but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt shew thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him, and so each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

**11.** Now amongst Pompey's friends, there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him, "Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick?" Ligarius rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, "Brutus," said he, "if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

**12.** After that time they began to feel all their acquaintance whom they trusted, and laid their heads together, consulting upon it, and did not only pick out their friends, but all those also whom they thought stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and that were not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise. . . . Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy, who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

**13.** Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed, for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself.

His wife Porcia (as we have told you before) was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and gests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady, being excellently well-seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by her self, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal

in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: "I being, O Brutus," said she, "the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely, but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me." With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia; so he then did comfort her the best he could.

**14.** Now a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution, because they might meet safely at that time without suspicion; and the rather, for that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there, who, when they should see such a great matter executed, would every man set to their hands for the defence of their liberty. Furthermore they thought also that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by divine providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in, where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautify that part of the city with the theatre he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth day of the month

March, which the Romans call *Idus Martias;* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain, for revenge of Pompey's death. So when the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown, that nobody saw nor knew but his wife only. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, to bring his son into the market-place, who on that day did put on the man's gown, called *toga virilis*, and from thence they came all in a troop together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would straight come thither. But here is to be noted the wonderful assured constancy of these conspirators, in so dangerous and weighty an enterprise as they had undertaken. For many of them being prætors, by reason of their office (whose duty is to minister justice to everybody) did not only with great quietness and courtesy hear them that spake unto them, or that pleaded matters before them, and gave them attentive ear as if they had no other matter in their heads, but moreover they gave just sentence, and carefully despatched the causes before them. . . .

**15.** Notwithstanding this, by chance there fell out many misfortunes unto them, which was enough to have marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying, who came very late to the Senate, for, because the signs of the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife Calpurnia kept him at home, and the soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. . . . Another Senator, called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, "I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but withal, despatch, I reade you, for your enterprise is bewrayed." When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

Now in the meantime, there came one of Brutus' men post-haste unto him, and told him his wife was a-dying. For Porcia, being very careful and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weak to away with so great and inward grief of mind, she could hardly keep within, but was frighted with every little noise and cry she heard, as those that are taken and possessed with the fury of the Bacchantes; asking every man that came from the market-place what Brutus did, and still sent messenger after messenger, to know what news. At length Cæsar's coming being prolonged (as you have heard), Porcia's weakness was not able to hold out any longer, and thereupon she suddenly swounded, that

she had no leisure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the midst of her house, where her speech and senses failed her. Howbeit she soon came to herself again, and so was laid in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these news, it grieved him, as it is to be presupposed; yet he left not off the care of his country and commonwealth, neither went home to his house for any news he heard.

**16.** Now it was reported that Cæsar was coming in his litter, for he determined not to stay in the Senate all that day (because he was afraid of the unlucky signs of the sacrifices) but to adjourn matters of importance unto the next session and council holden, feigning himself not to be well at ease. When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him, wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called) not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and, one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius. And immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand; which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk.

**17.** Now all the Senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him. And some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it, as if it had been alive. Trebonius[1] on the other side drew Antonius at o' side, as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held

[1] In Cæsar's life it is said, it was Decius Brutus Albinus that kept Antonius with a talk without.

him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his coming in. So when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius Cimber,[1] who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, "O traitor Casca, what dost thou?" Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him; then he let Casca's hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied.

**18.** Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the middest of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other Senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny; besides also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises, he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it. First, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told

[1] In Cæsar's life he is called Metellus Cimber.

them there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a nobleminded and courageous man, (when he should know that Cæsar was dead) would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away, but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again. . . .

There, a great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol through the market-place to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak, they gave him quiet audience; howbeit, immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. . . .

**19.** The next day [but one] following, the Senate, being called again to council, did first of all commend Antonius for that he had wisely stayed and quenched the beginning of a civil war; then they also gave Brutus and his consorts great praises; and lastly they appointed them several governments of Provinces. For unto Brutus they appointed Creta, Africa unto Cassius, Asia unto Trebonius, Bithynia unto Cimber, and unto the other, Decius Brutus Albinus, Gaul on this side of the Alps.

**20.** When this was done, they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament and of his funerals and tomb. Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it. But Brutus went with the motion and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow-conspirators that Antonius should

be slain; and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, "Kill the murtherers!" others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators, forseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled.

But there was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends; he dreamed, the night before, that Cæsar bade him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where, being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning, when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people, thinking he had been that Cinna who in an

oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place.

**21.** This made Brutus and his companions more afraid than any other thing next unto the change of Antonius. Wherefore they got them out of Rome, and kept at the first in the city of Antium, hoping to return again to Rome when the fury of the people was a little assuaged. . . .

**22.** Now the state of Rome standing in these terms, there fell out another change and alteration when the young man Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted for his son, and made his heir, by his last will and testament. But when Julius Cæsar, his adopted father, was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia (where he studied) tarrying for him, because he was determined to make war with the Parthians; but when he heard the news of his death, he returned again to Rome. . . .

**27.** So Brutus preparing to go to Asia, news came unto him of the great change at Rome, for Octavius Cæsar was in arms, by commandment and authority from the Senate, against Marcus Antonius. But after that he had driven Antonius out of Italy, the Senate began then to be afraid of him, because he sued to be consul, which was contrary to the law, and kept a great army about him when the empire of Rome had no need of them. On the other side Octavius Cæsar, perceiving the Senate stayed not there, but turned unto Brutus that was out of Italy, and that they appointed him the government of certain provinces, then he began to be afraid for his part, and sent unto Antonius to offer him his friendship. Then coming on with his army near to Rome, he made himself to be chosen consul, whether the Senate would or not, when he was yet but a stripling or springall of twenty years old, as himself reporteth in his own Commentaries. So when he was consul, he presently appointed judges, to accuse Brutus and his companions for killing of the noblest person in Rome and chiefest magistrate without law or judgment, and made L. Cornificius accuse Brutus, and M. Agrippa, Cassius. So the parties accused were condemned, because the judges were compelled to give such sentence. The voice went, that when the herald (according to the custom after sentence given) went up to the chair or pulpit for orations, and proclaimed "Brutus" with a loud voice, summoning him to appear in person before the judges, the people that stood by sighed openly, and the noblemen that were present hung down their heads, and durst not speak a word. Among them the tears

fell from Publius Silicius' eyes: who, shortly after, was one of the proscripts or outlaws appointed to be slain. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus, made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of Rome among themselves, and did set up bills of proscription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one. . . .

**29.** Now Cassius would have done Brutus much honour, as Brutus did unto him, but Brutus most commonly prevented him, and went first unto him, both because he was the elder man as also for that he was sickly of body. And men reputed him commonly to be very skilful in wars, but otherwise marvellous choleric and cruel, who sought to rule men by fear rather than with lenity, and on the other side, he was too familiar with his friends, and would jest too broadly with them. But Brutus, in contrary manner, for his virtue and valiantness, was well beloved of the people and his own, esteemed of noblemen, and hated of no man, not so much as of his enemies; because he was a marvellous lowly and gentle person, noble-minded, and would never be in any rage, nor carried away with pleasure and covetousness, but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yield to any wrong or injustice; the which was the chiefest cause of his fame, of his rising, and of the goodwill that every man bare him, for they were all persuaded that his intent was good. . . .

**30.** Now whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money whereof he had great store; because all that he could rap and rend of his side, he had bestowed it in making so great a number of ships, that by means of them they should keep all the sea at their commandment. Cassius' friends hindered this request and earnestly dissuaded him from it, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great evil will of the people their subjects, for him to bestow liberally upon his soldiers, and by this means to win their good wills by Cassius' charge. This notwithstanding, Cassius gave him the third part of this total sum. . . .

**34.** About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There both their armies being armed, they called them both *Emperors*. Now as it

commonly happened in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter, but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and a follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion, he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to let Phaonius when a mad mood or toy took him in the head, for he was a hot, hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynic philosophers (as who would say, *Dogs*), yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

> My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I have seen moe years than suchie three.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog, and counterfeit Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other. . . .

**35.** The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto; for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them; but yet he did not therefore leave to employ

them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to have suffered Cæsar's friends to have robbed and done what wrong and injury they had would than to bear with their own men. "For then," said he, "they could but have said we had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of injustice, beside the pains we take and the danger we put ourselves into." And thus may we see what Brutus' intent and purpose was.

**36.** But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumor that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day-time, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, "I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, "Well, then I shall see thee again."

**37.** The spirit presently vanished away, and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw

anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before, and when the day brake, he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night. Cassius being in opinion an Epicurean, and reasoning thereon with Brutus, spake to him touching the vision thus: "In our sect, Brutus, we have an opinion that we do not always feel or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel, but that our senses being credulous and therefore easily abused (when they are idle and unoccupied in their own objects) are induced to imagine they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not." . . . When they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them, until they came near to the city of Philippes, and there, one day only before the battle, they both flew away.

**38.** Now Brutus had conquered the most part of all the people and nations of that country, but if there were any other city or captain to overcome, then they made all clear before them, and so drew towards the coasts of Thassos. . . . So Cæsar came not thither of ten days after; and Antonius camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side, against Cæsar. The Romans called the valley between both camps, the Philippian fields, and there were never seen two so great armies of the Romans, one before the other, ready to fight. In truth, Brutus' army was inferior to Octavius Cæsar's in number of men, but for bravery and rich furniture, Brutus' army far excelled Cæsar's. For the most part of their armours were silver and gilt, which Brutus had bountifully given them, although, in all other things, he taught his captains to live in order without excess. . . .

**39.** Now when they came to muster their armies, Octavius Cæsar took the muster of his army within the trenches of his camp, and gave his men only a little corn, and five silver drachmas to every man to sacrifice to the gods and to pray for victory. But Brutus, scorning this misery and niggardliness, first of all mustered his army and did purify it in the fields according to the manner of the Romans, and then he gave unto every band a number of wethers to sacrifice and fifty silver drachmas to every soldier. . . . Notwithstanding, being busily occupied about the ceremonies of this purification, it is reported that there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. . . . There was seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcases, and bee-hives also were found, where bees were gathered together in a certain place within

the trenches of the camp. . . . The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear. Thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time and to draw it out in length, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men and armour. But Brutus, in contrary manner, did always before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle as soon as might be possible, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her former liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world, being still troubled in following and maintaining of such great armies together. . . . Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day.

**40.** So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few of his friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature, and that after supper he took him by the hand, and holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was) told him in Greek: "Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to jeopard the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said, "The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or die?" Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, "I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly

blame and reprove Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly; but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind.". . . After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meeter for Cassius, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with Brutus. . . .

**41.** Now Antonius' men did cast a trench from the marish by the which they lay, to cut off Cassius' way to come to the sea; and Cæsar, at the least his army stirred not. . . . In the meantime Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle; and he himself, riding a-horseback by all the troops, did speak to them, and encouraged them to stick to it like men. So by this means very few of them understood what was the word of the battle, and besides, the most part of them never tarried to have it told them, but ran with great fury to assail the enemies; whereby, through this disorder, the legions were marvellously scattered and dispersed, one from the other. . . .

**42.** Furthermore, the voward and the middest of Brutus' battle had already put all their enemies to flight that withstood them, with great slaughter; so that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other side. . . . Now Brutus returning from the chase, after he had slain and sacked Cæsar's men, he wondered much that he could not see Cassius' tent standing up high as it was wont, neither the other tents of his camp standing as they were before, because all the whole camp had been spoiled, and the tents thrown down, at the first coming of their enemies. . . . This made Brutus at the first mistrust that which had happened. So he appointed a number of men to keep the camp of his enemy which he had taken, and caused his men to be sent for that yet followed the chase, and gathered them together, thinking to lead them to aid Cassius, who was in this state as you shall hear.

**43.** First of all, he was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the

word of the battle nor commandment to give charge; and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind; but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet, although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together.

So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain; howbeit Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him, but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words, "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow; but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body, but after that time Pindarus was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinnius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius.

But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field.

**44.** Brutus in the mean time came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown, but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being unpossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder. . . .

**47.** The day before the last battle was given. . . .

**48.** . . . the selfsame night, it is reported that the monstrous spirit which had appeared before unto Brutus in the city of Sardis did now appear again unto him in the selfsame shape and form and so vanished away and said never a word. . . .

**49.** Now after that Brutus had brought his army into the field and had set them in battle ray directly against the voward of his enemy, he paused a long time before he gave the signal of battle. . . . Then suddenly, one of the chiefest knights he had in all his army, called Camulatius, and that was alway marvellously esteemed of for his valiantness, until that time, he came hard by Brutus a-horseback, and rode before his face to yield himself unto his enemies. Brutus was marvellous sorry for it; wherefore, partly for anger, and partly for fear of greater treason and rebellion, he suddenly caused his army to march, being past three of the clock in the afternoon. . . . There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly; but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slain round about him.

**50.** So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them

that he was Brutus; and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius, to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed a while bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the meantime Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said, "Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune, for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself, I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to." Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, "My companions, I think ye are sorry ye have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy you have brought me a friend, and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

**51.** Now Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him, and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:

> Let not the wight from whom this mischief went,
> O Jove, escape without due punishment,

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Labio and Flavius, of whom the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioners of his camp. In the meantime one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water and brought it in his sallet. At the same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river, whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was, and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus smiling, gently told him, "All is drunk, but they shall bring you some more." Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt.

Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp, and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, "If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain.

**52.** Now the night being far spent, Brutus as he sat bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him; at length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly Then Brutus, rising up, "We must fly indeed," said he, "but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: "It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake; for as for me, I think myself happier than they

that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them." Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently.

**53.** Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend: so, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said, "Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium. . . . And for Porcia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write, that she, determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself. . . .

## The Life of Marcus Antonius

**11.** It is reported that Cæsar answered one that did accuse Antonius and Dolabella unto him for some matter of conspiracy, "Tush," said he, "they be not those fat fellows and fine combed men that I fear, but I mistrust rather these pale and lean men," meaning by that Brutus and Cassius, who afterwards conspired his death and slew him.

**12.** Antonius, unawares, afterwards gave Cæsar's enemies just occasion and colour to do as they did, as you shall hear. The Romans by chance celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparelled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make their orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. The manner of this running was thus. On that day there are many young men

of noble house, and those specially that be chief officers for that year, who running naked up and down the city, anointed with the oil of olive, for pleasure do strike them they meet in their way with white leather thongs they have in their hands. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the ancient ceremonies and old customs of that solemnity, he ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and carried a laurel crown in his hand, having a royal band or diadem wreathed about it, which in old time was the ancient mark and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. Antonius again did put it on his head; Cæsar again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderful thing, that they suffered all things subjects should do by commandment of their kings, and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty. Cæsar, in a rage, arose out of his seat, and plucking down the collar of his gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of Cæsar's statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit Cæsar did turn them out of their offices for it.

**13.** This was a good encouragement for Brutus and Cassius to conspire his death, who fell into a consort with their trustiest friends, to execute their enterprise, but yet stood doubtful whether they should make Antonius privy to it or not. . . . After that, they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar. But Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villany. Yet they, fearing Antonius' power and the authority of his office, appointed certain of the conspiracy that when Cæsar were gone into the Senate, and while others should execute their enterprise, they should keep Antonius in a talk out of the Senate-house.

**14.** Even as they had devised these matters, so were they exe-

cuted, and Cæsar was slain in the middest of the Senate. . . . And therefore, when Cæsar's body was brought to the place where it should be buried, he made a funeral oration in commendation of Cæsar, according to the ancient custom of praising noble men at their funerals. When he saw that the people were very glad and desirous also to hear Cæsar spoken of, and his praises uttered, he mingled his oration with lamentable words, and by amplifying of matters did greatly move their hearts and affections unto pity and compassion. In fine, to conclude his oration, he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and cursed murtherers. With these words he put the people into such a fury that they presently took Cæsar's body and burnt it in the market-place, with such tables and forms as they could get together. Then when the fire was kindled, they took firebrands and ran to the murtherers' houses to set them on fire, and to make them come out to fight.

**15.** Brutus therefore and his accomplices for safety of their persons were driven to fly the city. . . .

**19.** Thereupon all three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death, for every one of them would kill their enemies, and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother, and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm, that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it. . . .

**21.** Octavius Cæsar perceiving that no money would serve Antonius' turn, he prayed that they might divide the money between them, and so did they also divide the army, for them both to go into Macedon to make war against Brutus and Cassius, and in the mean time they left the government of the city of Rome unto Lepidus.

**22.** When they had passed over the seas, and that they began to make war, they being both camped by their enemies, to wit,

Antonius against Cassius, and Cæsar against Brutus, Cæsar did no great matter, but Antonius had alway the upper hand and did all. For at the first battle Cæsar was overthrown by Brutus and lost his camp, and very hardly saved himself by flying from them that followed him. . . . Antonius on the other side overthrew Cassius in battle, though some write that he was not there himself at the battle, but that he came after the overthrow, whilst his men had the enemies in chase. So Cassius, at his earnest request, was slain by a faithful servant of his own called Pindarus, whom he had enfranchised, because he knew not in time that Brutus had overcome Cæsar. Shortly after they fought another battle again, in the which Brutus was overthrown, who afterwards also slew himself. . . .

# APPENDIX B

## HISTORICAL OUTLINES

Shakespeare in the history he has given us follows the authority he adopted very closely. In dealing with Roman history he treated Plutarch very much as in dealing with English history he had treated Holinshed. He took the main lines of his characters, and their chief acts, from the accepted authority without travelling farther afield to test his guide's accuracy. Moreover, as he was principally concerned in keeping the interest of a theatrical audience from flagging, rather than in producing a historical treatise, he chose to set forth those scenes and acts which were interesting, and to leave out those which were complicated or tedious. In short, he wrote as a dramatist, not as a politician or a professor, and consequently historical accuracy as such was of no importance to him. The surprising thing is that he kept so close to his authority — merely melting the prose into poetry in his wonderful crucible — that there is no substantial addition or omission to be found. If his history is not the history of the classroom, neither is it the fictitious background for a love story.

If we turn to the other authorities for this period, our conception of the facts and their bearings must be somewhat modified. The play gives us a much smaller idea of Julius Cæsar than the facts warrant; the relative importance of the various conspirators is in some degree misrepresented, and the issues at stake will hardly appear in the same light.

For the last hundred years the Roman world had been periodically rent with civil strife. The old idea of a paternal oligarchy, if it ever really existed, had fallen to pieces; government was alternately in the hands of a senatorial or a democratic faction, with leaders whose aims were often noble and followers whose aims were nearly always selfish. Matters had been complicated by the extension of military organization, and of the field whence soldiers were drawn; and whether the oligarchical or the democratic faction was to get the upper hand, it had been for some time tolerably

clear that no party could hold dominion unless headed by a competent general with the support of the military. Cæsar perceived that, in fact, the one hope of reorganizing the state and re-establishing strong and steady government lay in frankly accepting a military despotism — a position which the oligarchical faction could never adopt.

Cæsar's rivalry with Pompey ended in the establishment of the despotism; and with a swiftness of intuition and rapidity of action which can hardly be paralleled he set about the immense task of reorganization. But the oligarchical party, deprived of all power, were resolved to make one more cast to recover it. Cæsar had treated the defeated followers of Pompey with astonishing magnanimity, but this was a virtue they hardly understood. Blind to the literal impossibility of re-establishing a republican form of government, angered by their own want of importance in the new order, less grateful for being spared when they were beaten than furious at having been beaten at all, they hated Cæsar and Cæsarism, while they had neither an alternative leader nor an alternative policy. Some were men of ability, none of commanding powers. In the moment of Cæsar's triumph they conspired together and struck him down with their own hands. The result was a brief period of anarchy until the new man emerged — the young Octavius with Agrippa at his ear — who built that Rome the foundations whereof Julius Cæsar had laid.

The conspirators were not all followers of Pompey, or men who had reasonable ground for considering that their own political ambitions had been overthrown by Cæsar's policy. Several of them were already holding high appointments under Cæsar, and were in the way of promotion. But some were probably angry because, enjoying Cæsar's personal favor, they had not obtained all the fruits of his power for themselves; others, because they had no voice in the general policy though their administrative offices might be high. And possibly some had that real enthusiasm for "liberty" with which Brutus is credited — a liberty which certainly did not exist under the despotism, but had as certainly become wholly incompatible with any established government. Cicero and many other members of the party who had no share in the conspiracy, but gave full support afterwards to the conspirators, were honestly enthusiastic republicans; but men with the instinct of statesmen could hardly have been so at the time, and of the conspirators Brutus alone has been selected by tradition as acting primarily on the ground of patriotic conviction however mistaken.

But if we took Shakespeare's account, with Plutarch's biographies of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antonius, we should get the impression that Brutus was Cæsar's most intimate friend and confidant; that the prospects of the conspiracy turned on his participation in it; that the whole body of the conspirators looked upon him as their leader, and bowed to his judgment; in short, that he was the man of highest mark in the state after Cæsar himself. Certainly we get no such impression from the letters or speeches of Cicero. In fact, a good deal of confusion seems to have arisen in popular tradition between Decimus Brutus (Shakespeare's Decius) and Marcus. The former was extremely intimate with the dictator; the latter was not. For a long time after the assassination Decimus seems to have really taken the leading part; he appears also to have had considerably higher military capacities than any of his fellow-conspirators. But the imaginary glories of the republican system held a prominent place in the minds of theorists and men of letters in the early years of the empire; Marcus Brutus was known to have been an earnest Stoic, a man of books, with whom the men of books sympathized; it seems as though a kind of legendary Brutus was evolved by academic thinkers and writers with all the academic merits of Marcus and the practical prestige of Decimus.

And when Cæsar had fallen the work did not go on with that prompt division into Cæsarians against republicans which Shakespeare gives. There was a long period when no man could guess the upshot. Antony meant to have Cæsar's place; the oligarchical party had the upper hand in the Senate, but were constantly afraid to move; the conspirators had no fixed policy or plan of action; Octavius was an entirely unknown quantity, waiting to act with either party as might seem best. Brutus and Cassius went to their provinces in the East. Decimus Brutus in Gaul and Antony in Italy were neither of them strong enough to act quite decisively. Octavius began by favoring the senatorial party, but had no intention of being controlled by them; they lacked the courage to act vigorously themselves, but did not dare to trust him. Divided counsels made the action of the senatorial troops abortive; Octavius saw that there was nothing to look forward to on that side — the Senate would neither use him nor allow him to use them.

In the midst of the general uncertainty, Antony and Lepidus, the governor of Gallia Narbonensis, came to an understanding and united their armies. Octavius led his army to the walls of Rome, and had himself elected consul. Despite their mutual distrust

Antony and Octavius saw that with Brutus and Cassius and their nineteen legions masters of the East, the richest part of the Empire, their only course was to combine. By so doing they would be able to clear the field at once in Italy, crushing the last remnants of the oligarchical party, and then, leaving Lepidus to guard Italy, to wrest the Asiatic provinces from Brutus and Cassius. There would be time enough later to settle their future relations.

The two chiefs, with Lepidus (whose relatively unimportant position in the triumvirate is sufficiently set forth in the play), met near Bologna, and laid their plans. They assumed the title of triumvirs for five years, and took the law into their own hands. To hold together their armies and to carry on their campaign in the East, vast sums of money were necessary, which could be obtained only by confiscation. They consequently drew up a list of the richest men in Italy, to which were added the names of certain political opponents, including Cicero, and condemned all to death and confiscation of their property. With the resources thus acquired, they carried out their programme as described. It will be observed that in the play there is nothing really inconsistent with the facts so far as they are ascertainable, but that considerations of more historical than dramatic value are in it allowed to fall into the background.

# APPENDIX C

## METRE

### 1. Metre as an Indication of Date

English blank verse was first introduced in the sixteenth century. From about 1587 on, owing to its successful use by Marlowe and other dramatists, it became the common medium of dramatic dialogue, although rhyming lines and passages in prose were freely interspersed in many plays. The earliest blank verse tended to be stiff and formal; the writers were, so to speak, conscious of their metre, and followed its "rules" with exactness. Later, as the instrument became more familiar, it was handled with greater freedom, and variations and modifications were freely introduced.

A similar evolution took place in Shakespeare's own blank verse. Broadly speaking, the less strictly regular the metre, the later the play. In his earliest blank verse, the lines are almost without exception of ten syllables each, the stresses are in the positions called for by the strict metrical scheme, the cæsura is usually near the middle of the line, the final syllable is strongly stressed, and the end of the line usually corresponds with the end of a phrase or clause, so that most lines are followed by a slight or considerable pause ("end-stopped").

In his latest plays, however, additional syllables are frequently found within the line or at its close, the rhythm becomes more free and irregular, and the line-division coincides less and less with the natural divisions of the sentence, resulting in "light" and "weak" endings and "run-on" lines. Take as an illustration *Antony and Cleopatra* iii. 11. 29–37:

> Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
> Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
> Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
> Do draw the inward quality after them
> To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
> Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
> Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
> His judgment too.

In the same way, a gradually increasing disregard of other kindred conventions marks the later plays as compared with the earlier. A good deal of rhyme survives in the dialogue in the earlier plays; later it is only to be found occasionally at the close of a scene or a speech to round it off. The first use of prose is only for purposes of comedy; later, it is used with comparative freedom (as in *Hamlet*) in passages of a very different type, though the introduction of verse in a prose scene always marks a rise to a higher emotional plane.

In the present play, which belongs to the middle period, all these characteristics are in the stage of development which betokens the middle period. Irregularities are not rare, but they have not become almost the rule as in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Rhymes are rare: but four scenes close with them. Prose is used, for instance, in Brutus' address to the populace; but for the most part serious dialogue or soliloquy is in verse.

### 2. Form of Blank Verse

In English verse the governing element is *stress*. And inasmuch as stress is much less definite than quantity, the rules of English verse cannot be given with the same precision as those of Latin and Greek. But we may begin with certain explanations as to what stress is *not*. A "stressed" syllable is not the same as a long syllable; nor is stress the same as *sense*-emphasis. Any strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on a syllable, for whatever reason, is stress. There are many shades of gradation between the unstressed and the strongly stressed, and a moderately stressed syllable may often in English take the place of an unstressed one.

To start with, then, — to get at the basis of our metre — we will take no account of weak stress, but treat of all syllables as if they must either have no stress or a strong stress; and throughout, the word stress, when used without a qualifying adjective, will mean strong stress. The acute accent (′) will be used to mark a stress, the grave (‵) to mark a weak stress, the ˘ to mark a syllable sounded but not stressed.

The primary form of the Shakespearian line is — five feet, each of two syllables; each foot carrying one stress, on the second syllable; with a sense pause at the end of the line.

You blocks′, | you stones′, | you worse′ | than sense′ | less things′. (i. 1. 40).

### 3. Normal Variations

But if there were no variations on this, the effect would be monotonous and mechanical after a very few lines.

(i) The first variation therefore is brought about by the stress in one or two of the feet being thrown on the first instead of the second syllable, which is known as an "inverted" stress.

Have' you | not made' | an u' | niver' | sal shout' (i 1. 49).
Mere'ly | upon' | myself.' | Vex'ed | I am' (i. 2. 39).
Think' of | this life', | but' for | my sing' | le self' (i. 2. 94).
That he' | is grown' | so great'. | Age', thou | art shamed' (i. 2. 150).

Observe that the stress is thus thrown back much more commonly in the first foot of the line than elsewhere: and that in the other cases the stressed syllable usually follows a pause.

(ii) Secondly, variety is introduced by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable which is not extra-metrical, that is, an anapaest is substituted for an iambus.

Lĕt mĕ see', | lĕt mĕ see' ; | is not | the leaf | turn'd down (iv. 3. 273).

As a general rule, however, such extra syllables are very slightly pronounced; not altogether omitted, but slurred, as very often happens when two vowels come next each other, or are separated only by a liquid (see § 6).

(iii) The converse of this is the (very rare) omission of an unstressed syllable. This is only found where the stress is very strong, and the omission is really made up for by a pause.

Speak', | strike', | redress'. | Am' I | entreat'ed (ii. 1. 55).

(iv) Extra-metrical unstressed syllables are added before a pause, sometimes in the middle of a line.

More' than | his rea' | s(on). But 't is' | a com' | mon proof' (ii. 1. 21).

But this was still rare when *Julius Cæsar* was written.

More frequently an extra-metrical syllable comes at the end of a line, and this is fairly common in this play. (In quite early plays it is unusual; in the later ones it becomes much more frequent.)

Then, Bru | tus, I | have much | mistook | your pass(ion) ;
By means | whereof | this breast | of mine | hath bur(ied)
Thoughts of | great va | lue, wor | thy co | gitat(ions) (i. 2. 48).

By an extension of this practice we sometimes have two such extra-metrical syllables, but as yet only when they are slurred.

Such an | exploit | have I | in hand, | Liga(rius) (ii. 1. 318).

The increasing frequency of extra-metrical syllables is a useful approximate guide to the date of a play. But they are never so frequent in Shakespeare as in some of the younger dramatists.

(v) The variation which perhaps most of all characterizes the later plays is the disappearance of the sense-pause at the end of the line. At first, a clause running over from one line to the next is very rare: in the last plays, it is extremely common. (The presence of a sense-pause is not necessarily marked by a stop; it is sufficient for the purpose that the last word should be dwelt on; the pause may be merely rhetorical.) In Antony's speeches in ii. 2 there are only eight lines which have no such pause.

### 4. Weak Stresses

We may now observe how the rules are modified by weak or intermediate stresses, which are the chief protection against monotony.

(i) Lines without five strong stresses are very plentiful; *e.g.*

Thou` art` | the ru′ | ins of` | the no′ | blest man′.

In the fifth foot particularly, the stress is very often slight.

(ii) On the other hand, lines in which there are two stressed syllables in one foot are common.

Friends′, Ro′ | mans, coun′ | trymen′ | lend′ me | your ears′.
O′ judge′ | ment, thou` | art fled′ | to bru′ | tish beasts′.
The ev′ | il that` | men` do′ | lives` af′ | ter them`

belongs to both (i) and (ii).

A foot with a double stress is nearly always preceded by a pause, or by a foot with a very weak stress only.

(iii) It will be observed that there are never fewer than three strong stresses, and that any foot in which there is no strong stress must at any rate have one syllable with a weak stress, and that very often such a foot has two weak stresses, preventing the feeling that the line is altogether too light. Thus a syllable which is unemphatic acquires a certain stress merely by length, as in some of the above cases. And, speaking broadly, a very strong stress in one foot compensates for a weak stress in the neighboring foot.

### 5. Irregularities

(i) Occasionally lines occur with an extra foot; *i.e.* an additional stress after the normal ten syllables.

Took it | too ea | gerly: | his sol | diers fell | to spoil′ (v. 3. 7).
Will come | when it | will come. | What say | the au | gurers`? (ii. 2. 37).

But this does not often occur in the course of a speech, and when it does there is usually a break in the middle of the line, as in these instances. It is, however, decidedly common in broken dialogue.

*Cas.* And bear | the palm | alone | .
*Bru.* Anoth | er gene | ral shout (i. 2. 131).

(ii) Occasionally lines are left incomplete in the course of a speech.

To make | them in | struments | of fear | and warn(ing)
Unto | some mon | strous state. |
Now could | I, Cas | ca, name | to thee | a man |
Most like | this dread | ful night. | (i. 3. 70).

In this instance the lines might be rearranged thus:

Unto | some mon | strous state. | Now could | I, Casca, |
Name to thee | a man | most like | this dread | ful night. |

But the dramatic pause suggested by the arrangement in the text is more impressive.

(iii) Short lines, however, are commoner in broken dialogue, especially when either hurried or excited; and their purpose is not to give variety to the metre, but to produce a dramatic effect of hurried interruption or anxious pause. Thus in iii. 2, it is often difficult to feel sure whether the cries of the citizens should be arranged as if they formed verse, or not; and in iv. 3, when the retorts become short and sharp, many of them are outside the metre altogether, though there is no continuous prose in the scene. In some cases, however, such short lines may be due to the mutilation of the text, passages having been cut out for stage purposes.

(iv) Interjections and proper names (especially vocatives) are frequently extra-metrical.

Let us | be sac | rifi | cers but | not butchers, *Caius* (ii. 1. 166).

So "O" may be similarly regarded in the line,

*O* ye gods! | ye gods! | must I | endure | all this? (iv. 3. 41).

(v) Similarly after a pause an extra-metrical interjection may come in the middle of a line.

Struck Cæ | sar on | the neck. | *O'* you flatt' | erers (v. 1. 44).

In nearly every instance observe that the unusual stress comes either after a pause, whether at the beginning of a line or in the middle; or at the end of a line in which there is a break.

### 6. Apparent Irregularities

(i) Difficulties occasionally arise from the fact that words in Shakespeare's day were sometimes accented in a different way from that of the present day, and sometimes even bear a different accent in different places in Shakespeare's own writing. Thus, we say *por'tent*, Shakespeare always *portent'*. On the other hand, we say *complete'*, Shakespeare has sometimes *complete'*, sometimes *com'plete*. In effect we must often be guided by the verse in deciding on which syllable of a word the accent should fall, because custom had not yet finally decided in favor of a particular syllable.

(ii) Similarly, when two vowels come together (as in words ending with *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, and the like) we are in the habit of slurring the first, and sometimes of blending it with the preceding consonant; so that we pronounce *ambit-i-on ambishon*. In Shakespeare the vowel in such cases is sometimes slurred and sometimes not, in the same word in different places; usually the former in the middle of a line, often the latter at the end. In such cases we must be guided simply by ear in deciding whether the vowel is slurred or sounded distinctly. We have to decide in the same way when we are to sound or not sound the terminal *-ed* of the past participle.

Thus we have in consecutive lines —

> Ambi | tiŏn should' | be made | of stern | er stuff.
> Yet Bru | tus says | he was | ambi | tĭous'.

And within a few lines —

> Thy broth | er by | decree | is ban | ishéd (iii. 1. 44)
> For the | repeal | ing of | my ban | ish'd brother (iii. 1. 51).

(iii) So again in particular words, a vowel seems to be sometimes mute, sometimes sounded. *E.g.*, in *dangerous*, *general*, &c., the *e* may or may not be mute. See also Note to i. 1. 70.

(iv) In a large number of words where a liquid (*l*, *m*, *n*, and especially *r*) comes next to another consonant, an indefinite vowel sound is sometimes introduced between the two letters (just as now in many places one may hear the word *elm* pronounced *ellum*), which may be treated as forming a syllable, and sometimes the vowel is actually inserted, as in *thorough* = *through* —

> Thorough the hazards of this untrod state (iii. 1. 136).

(v) Conversely, a light vowel sound coming next a liquid is often slurred and in effect dropped; so that such words as *spirit*, *peril*, *quarrel*, are often practically monosyllables. (Hence such a form as *parlous* = *perilous*).

(vi) *th* and *v* between two vowels are often almost or entirely dropped and the two syllables run into one: as in the words *whether*, *whither*, *other*, *either*, *ever*, *never*, *even*, *over*. *Heaven* generally, *evil*, *devil* sometimes are treated as monosyllables.

Vowels separated by a *w* or an *h* are habitually slurred.

(vii) *Fire* and similar words are sometimes treated as dissyllables (*fi-er*, &c.).

As fi | rĕ drives | out fire, | so pi | ty pity. (iii. 1. 171).

So *dear*, *where*, *fare*, &c., are occasionally dissyllables; *e.g.*

Lucius! | My gown. | Farĕ | well good | Messala (iv. 3. 231).

But

For e | ver and | for e | ver, fare | well Cassius (v. 1. 117).

(viii) Such contractions, as *we'll* for *we will*, *th'* for *the* before a vowel, &c., though not shown in the spelling, are frequent.

### 7. Lines of Doubtful Scansion

(i) But what | of Cic | ero? | shall we | sound him'? (ii. 1. 141).

I take *him* to be emphatic, so read as above. But perhaps it should be read:

But what | of Cic | ero? | [*Pause.*] shall ' | we sound' | (him?).

(ii) Our pur' | pose ne' | cessar' | y', and | not' en'vious (ii. 1. 178).

There is a double stress on the last foot, following the very weak stress, produced by the pause after *necessary*, in the fourth foot: *i.e.* the stress on the fourth foot is thrown forward to the fifth.

(iii) When Cæ' | sar's head' | is off'. | — Yet', I | fear him' (ii. 1. 183).

*Him* is emphatic. Or the line may be scanned with a pause; see § 7 (i).

(iv) And these | does she | apply | for war | nings and | portents (ii. 2. 80).

*Portents* is always accented on the second syllable; this is therefore a line of six feet; see § 5 (i). Otherwise we should be tempted to drop the *and*.

(v) Young man | thou could'st | not die | more hon | oura'ble (v. 1. 60).

Most like | a sol | dier or | der'd hon | oura'bly (v. 5. 79).

The word *honourable* is very frequent in this play, and seems always to be accented as above (see Antony's speech throughout).

# GLOSSARY

**abide** (iii. 1. 94, 2. 119), pay the penalty for. Properly, *aby;* the form is the result of a confusion with *abide*, wait for.

**abjects** (iv. 1. 37), offscourings, thrown away things. The word occurs accented "abjécts" in *Richard III*, i. 1. 106; not elsewhere as a substantive.

**address'd** (iii. 1. 29), ready.

**affections** (ii. 1. 20), natural inclinations, feelings.

**aim** (i. 2. 163), guess, conjecture. O. F. *esmer*, Lat. *adaestimare.*

**alarum** (stage-direction, *passim*), call to arms; another form of "alarm" (cf. through, thorough: flip, fillip, &c.): from It. *all'arme.*

**an** (i. 2. 268), if. Spelled *and* in Elizabethan English, except in the combination *an 't were.* A special use of the ordinary conjunction *and*, occurring from the earliest period of the language. The present spelling has been adopted by modern editors for the convenience of readers.

**annoy** (i. 3. 22; ii. 1. 160), molest, hurt. O. F. *anoi* (=ennui), Lat. *in odio*, so "to be unpleasant," hence "injure."

**anon** (*passim*), "at once," softened to "before long." Cf. *presently.*

**answer:** (1) reply, lit. counter-affirmation; (2) account, i. 3. 114, "My answer must be made"; (3) atonement, iii. 2. 85, "and grievously hath Cæsar answered it"; (4) with a play on the word "charge," v. 1. 24, "We will answer on their charge" = repel their attack.

**apparent:** (1) seeming; (2) visible, which have appeared, ii. 1. 198; (3) "evident," possibly but not probably the sense in this passage. See note.

**apprehensive** (iii. 1. 67), imaginative, and so capricious.

**apt:** (1) (ii. 2. 97) likely; (2) suitable; (3) (iii. 1. 160) ready; (4) (v. 3. 68) quick, easily moved. Lat. *aptus*, fitted.

**arrive** (i. 2. 110), reach. Low Latin *adripare* (*ripa*, bank), come ashore. Used without a preposition by Shakespeare.

**augurer** (ii. 1. 200, 2. 37), professional interpreter of omens.

**battle** (v. 1. 4), division of an army, as we use the kindred word "battalion." Also of the "main body" of an army.

**bay** (iii. 1. 204), bring to bay; (iv. 1. 49, 3. 27) bark at. A deer brought to bay is a deer with the hounds baying round him. For *abay*, cf. Fr. *aboyer.*

**bear . . . hard** (i. 2. 317; ii. 1. 215; iii. 1. 157), bear ill-will to. Not elsewhere in Shakespeare in this sense. Origin of the phrase uncertain.

**beholding** (iii. 2. 70), under obligation, for *beholden.*

**bend** (i. 2. 123), look, *i. e.* the bend or direction of the eye; from the use of the verb *bend* = *direct.* Cf.

*bent* = natural direction or inclination of the mind.

**bill** (v. 2. 1), letter. Cf. Fr. *billet*. L. L. *billa* = Lat. *bulla* (whence Papal "bull"), a seal, and hence "sealed writing."

**bootless** (iii. 1. 75), vainly, without "boot," O. E. *bot*, "profit."

**brave, bravery** (v. 1. 10): (1) magnificence; (2) courage. See note. Der. uncertain.

**break with** (ii. 1. 150), not "quarrel," but "make disclosure to." So always in Shakespeare with one exception (*Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 48).

**bring** (i. 3. 1), escort. In modern use always "bring *here*"; in Shakespeare about as frequently "bring *there*."

**brook** (i. 2. 159), endure, from original sense "use," "enjoy," O. E. *brúcan*.

**but:** (1) except, iv. 1. 40; (2) with a negative, except, other than that, v. 5. 35. So (with implied negative), i. 2. 153.

**calculate** (i. 3. 65), interpret omens, prognosticate.

**cautelous** (ii. 1. 129), deceitful, through "over-cautious" from the primary sense of "cautious," Lat. *cautela*, caution.

**censure** (iii. 2. 16), judge, without the specific modern sense of blame.

**ceremony**, Lat. *caeremonia*, religious rite. So (1) (ii. 2. 13) superstition, superstitious observances; (2) ceremonial, religious or otherwise (i. 2. 11; iii. 1. 241); (3) decorations, the concrete accompaniment of ceremonial (i. 1. 70).

**chapped** (i. 2. 245), rough, chopped. *Chop* and *chap* are the same word, *o* and *a* being often interchangeable. So *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 50, "her pretty chopt hands."

**charactery** (ii. 1. 308), written characters, writing.

**charge** (iv. 1. 9), expense.

**cheer** (iii. 1. 89), countenance, mien. O. F. *chere*, L. L. *cara*, face.

**chew** (i. 2. 171), ponder, exactly as we use ruminate.

**climate** (i. 3. 32), region, as we use *clime;* not referring to the weather. The word primarily meant *slope;* hence a particular region regarded in respect of its slope from equator to pole; hence, in respect of its temperature; hence the temperature or weather itself.

**cognizance** (ii. 2. 89), memorial; not something "to be recognized by," but something "to remind of."

**colour** (ii. 1. 29), apparent justification; so frequent in Shakespeare, as we use the analogous phrase "a colorable pretext."

**companion** (iv. 3. 138), a term of reproach, as we use "fellow."

**complexion:** (1) that of which the body is composed; so (2) the *humours* (*q. v.*); (3) the coloring of the face, as showing the condition the *humours* were in; (4) (i. 3. 128) applied metaphorically to the elements outside.

**con** (iv. 3. 98), study; connected with *can, ken*.

**conceit** (i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192), a verb = conceive, picture; perhaps in the former case with a sense of the use of *conceit* for fanciful expression.

**condition** (ii. 1. 236, 254), bodily or mental health.

**consort** (v. 1. 83), accompany.

**constant** (iii. 1. 22), steady, undisturbed.

**contrive** (ii. 3. 16), plot, conspire; for *controve;* cf. Fr. *trouver*, find.

**contriver** (ii. 1. 158), plotter, schemer.

**countenance** (i. 3. 159), countenancing approval.

**courtesy**, courteous act, and so the movement regarded as a sign of courtesy, "bow," (iii. 1. 43) modern "curtsey."

**cynic** (iv. 3. 133), one who professed the philosophy of the Cynic school.

**damn** (iv. 1. 6), condemn.

**danger** (ii. 1. 17), harm. O. F. *dongier*, Lat. *dominium*, absolute power; so power to harm; so harm or risk of harm.

**dear**, precious; so used simply as an intensive (iii. 2. 119, &c.).

**degree** (ii. 1. 26), step of a ladder.

**deliver** (iii. 1. 181), relate, explain. Lat. *liber*, free.

**dint** (iii. 2. 198), blow, pressure. The same word as *dent*.

**directly.** *Direct* = straight; so (i. 1. 12; iii. 3. 10) without circumlocution, and (iv. 1. 32) literally straight on.

**disclosed** (iv. 1. 46), laid bare, discovered.

**distract** (iv. 3. 155), mad, mentally deranged.

**drachma** (iii. 2. 247), a Greek coin. See note.

**earn.** See *yearn*.

**element** (i. 3. 128), air, sky. Everything was supposed to be composed of various proportions of the four elements, viz. earth, air, water, fire; and the term is more particularly employed for *air*. At v. 5. 73, *elements* = *humours*, *q. v.*

**empty** (iv. 1. 26), unladen.

**enlarge** (iv. 2. 46), give free vent to.

**ensign** (v. 3. 3), standard-bearer; standard. If the former meaning be taken, the pronoun *it* in the next line is without expressed antecedent; if the latter, the same is true of the pronoun *him*.

**entertain** (v. 5. 60), take into service.

**envy** (ii. 1. 164), hatred.

**even** (ii. 1. 133), calm.

**exhalations** (ii. 1. 44), meteors. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 13, "It is some meteor that the sun exhales." The sun was supposed to draw up vapors from the earth, and "exhale" them as meteors.

**exigent** (v. 1. 19), exigency.

**exorcist** (ii. 1. 323), conjurer, one who controls spirits. The more correct sense is "one who expels spirits."

**factious** (i. 3. 118), energetic, in conjunction with others. The modern use implies wanton and mischievous energy, as also in our use of the word faction, which, at ii. 1. 77, is used *without* any such sinister sense.

**fall** (iv. 2. 26), let fall, lower.

**falling sickness** (i. 2. 256), epilepsy. The name is used in North.

**far** (iii. 2. 171), farther; older form of the compar., O. E. *fierre*.

**fatal** (v. 1. 88), not causing doom but ominous of doom.

**favour** (i. 2. 91, 3. 129), appearance.

**fear** (ii. 1. 190), cause or ground of fear.

**fearful, fearfulness** (i. 1. 80), condition of fear; (v. 1. 10) either feeling fear or causing fear.

**figure** (ii. 1. 231), phantasm, imaginary form.

**fleering** (i. 3. 117), mocking. The word is of Scandinavian origin.

**fond** (iii. 1. 39), foolish; cf. "a foolish fond old man" (*Lear*). This is the common use in Shakespeare.

**form** (iii. 2. 264), bench.

**formal** (ii. 1. 227), dignified; or perhaps "in outward appearance."

**former** (v. 1. 80), foremost; here of *place;* we always use it of *time*.

**general** (ii. 1. 12), public (as substantive).

**gorge** (v. 1. 82), feed, the regular term for the manner of feeding of birds of prey. Fr. *gorge*, throat.

**grief** (i. 3. 118, &c.), grievance.

**havoc** (iii. 1. 273), equivalent to "no quarter," O. E. *hafoc*, hawk. Precisely how it came to be used as an exclamation remains uncertain. The suggestion is that it has something to do with letting the hawk loose on the quarry.

**health** (iv. 3. 36), welfare.

**heap** (i. 3. 23), crowd, cluster. Cf. *Richard III*, ii. 1. 53, "Amongst this princely heap."

**high-sighted** (ii. 1. 118), arrogant, "looking down" upon the rest of humanity.

**hoot** (i. 2. 245), shout, without any sense of disapproval as now.

**humour** (*passim*). The four "humours" of which the "complexion" (*q. v.*) was made up were "blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy," and were referred respectively to the four elements, air, water, fire, earth. While the humours were mixed in proper proportion mind and body were in health; any disorder of the humours resulted in some form of ill-health.

**hurtle** (ii. 2. 22), clash, clatter.

**ides** of March; the 15th of the month. The Romans fixed their dates by the number of days before the Kalends (1st), Nones (5th or 7th), or Ides (13th or 15th) of each month. In eight months the Nones and Ides fell on the 5th and 13th; in the other four — March, May, July, October — on the 7th and 15th.

**incertain** (v. 3. 96), M. E. form for uncertain.

**incorporate** (i. 3. 135), united, indissolubly bound.

**indirection** (iv. 3. 75), indirect or crooked action, dishonesty.

**insuppressive** (ii. 1. 134), insuppressible; the active form used for the passive; like *unexpressive* (*As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10).

**jade** (iv. 2. 26), an ill-conditioned horse (used either for a vicious, weak, or tired animal, whence the modern use of *jaded*).

**jealous** (i. 2. 71, 162), distrustful.

**jigging** (iv. 3. 137), given to composing jigs, or trashy ballads.

**kerchief** (ii. 1. 315), head-covering in sickness. Fr. *couvre-chef*.

**kind** (i. 3. 64), nature, specific qualities.

**knave** (iv. 3. 241), boy, servant.

**lethe** (iii. 1. 206), death, destruction. Lat. *letum*, death; sometimes written *lethum*. See note.

**liable** to (i. 2. 199; ii. 2. 104), compatible with. In the second passage, "reason to my love is liable," Decius does not mean that his love "overcomes reason," for he wishes to show that reason and his affection *agree*.

**lief** (i. 2. 95), readily, willingly.

**lover** (iii. 2. 13, &c.), friend. The restricted modern sense was in frequent use, but had not become exclusive.

**Lupercal** (i. 1. 72, &c.), the Lupercalia, a Roman festival held on Feb. 15, being in its origin a pastoral feast of purification. The due performance of the rites was supposed to produce fertility.

**mace** (iv. 3. 268), the staff of office carried by a sergeant; here Slumber, who is spoken of as if arresting Lucius by touching him with his mace, "leaden" to express the heaviness of sleep.

**main** (ii. 1. 196), general.

**marry** (i. 2. 265), an exclamation, corrupted from "by Mary," though this origin was too completely forgotten for the anachro-

nism in Casca's mouth to be remarkable.

**mart** (iv. 3. 11), barter (as verb).

**mechanical** (i. 1. 3), employed in handicrafts, working with tools.

**merely** (i. 2. 39), entirely.

**mettle** (i. 2. 300), the same word as *metal*. *Mettle* has come to have its present sense of "spirit" through a metaphor of a sword blade.

**modesty** (iii. 1. 213), moderation.

**moe** (ii. 1. 72; v. 3. 101), more. Formerly *moe* was used of number, *more* of size (= bigger).

**monstrous** (i. 3. 68). abnormal, preternatural. Lat. *monstrum*, portent.

**morrow** (ii. 1. 87). The same word as *morn*, the M. E. form being either *morwe* or *morwen*.

**mortified** (ii. 1. 324), apathetic.

**motion** (ii. 1. 64), impulse, inclination to an action.

**mutiny** (iii. 1. 86), disturbance. Lat. *motus, movere*, move.

**neat** (i. 1. 30), kine. Cf. *neatherd*.

**nice** (iv. 3. 8), trivial.

**niggard** (iv. 3. 228), verb, treat in a niggardly way. So only in Shakespeare.

**night-gown** (ii. 2. stage direction), dressing-gown.

**note** (iv. 3. 2), publicly reprimand, brand (metaphorically). Lat. *notare*, to mark. The word is used in this sense by North.

**occupation** (i. 2. 269), trade.

**o'erwatch'd** (iv. 3. 241), exhausted by loss of sleep.

**once** (iv. 3. 191), some day.

**orchard** (ii. 1), garden.

**orts** (iv. 1. 37), leavings.

**palter** (ii. 1. 126), shuffle, connected with *paltry;* perhaps from the notion of a huckster haggling over worthless wares.

**passion** (i. 2. 48), emotion, or feeling of any kind.

**peevish** (v. 1. 61), whining; conveying generally the disagreeable ideas connected with childishness.

**physical** (ii. 1. 261), good for the health.

**pitch** (i. 1. 78), a technical term for the height to which the falcon soars in order to swoop down upon the quarry.

**power** (iv. 1. 42, 2. 31 [stage direction], 3. 169), army. Cf. the present use of *force*.

**prefer** (v. 5. 62), commend. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 155, where Bassanio plays on *prefer* in the sense of commend, and *preferment* in the sense of advancement.

**present** (ii. 2. 5), immediate.

**presently** (iii. 1. 28, &c.), forthwith, without delay. Softened down in modern use (as *anon* had already been softened) to after a little delay.

**press** (i. 2. 15), crowd.

**prevent** (ii. 1. 28), be beforehand, anticipate. Lat. *prae, venire*, come before.

**prick'd** (iii. 1. 216), marked in a list (originally, by pricking with a pin).

**prodigious** (i. 3. 77), portentous, though with a suggestion of the idea of hugeness, which has supplanted the stricter use, precisely as has occurred with *monstrous*. Lat. *prodigium*, omen.

**proof** (ii. 1. 21), experience, *i. e.* something that experience has proved.

**proper** (v. 3. 96), own. So "own proper" frequently = very own (Fr. *propre*, own). Hence (i. 2. 41) appropriate, belonging to; so suitable, and hence (i. 1. 29) handsome, goodly.

**property** (iv. 1. 40), tool, *i. e.* something not capable of independent action. Cf. the modern technical use of "stage properties."

**protester** (i. 2. 74), one who protests friendship. The word belonged to the fashionable slang of Shakespeare's day.

**quarrel** (ii. 1. 28), argument. Lat. *querela*, complaint; hence, a plea in court; hence, subject of dispute, protest, and the dispute itself.

**question** (iv. 3. 165), discussion. In iii. 2. 40, and elsewhere, there is an additional idea of *controversy*.

**quick** (i. 2. 29), lively. The primary meaning is merely "alive."

**raise** (iv. 3. 247), rouse.

**range** (ii. 1. 118; iii. 1. 270), move up and down; from the movements of troops when setting themselves in rank, "arranging" themselves.

**rank** (iii. 1. 152), in need of the surgeon's knife; from the sense of "festering," which arises from a confusion between O. E. *ranc*, strong, and O. F. *rance*, Lat. *rancidus*, foul.

**rascal** (iv. 3. 80), a term properly applied to a deer out of condition; thence developed into a general term of abuse in the same way as *jade* has been treated.

**regard** (v. 3. 88), esteem (verb).

**regard** (iii. 1. 224), consideration, reason.

**remorse** (ii. 1. 19), pity; properly the "repeated biting" of conscience, from Lat. *re-mordere*, bite.

**repeal** (iii. 1. 51), recall; Fr. *rapeler*, Lat. *re-appellare*.

**replication** (i. 1. 51), echoing, repetition; Lat. *replicare*, fold.

**resolved** (iii. 1. 131, &c.), satisfied.

**respect** (i. 2. 59), repute; *in respect of* (i. 1. 10), in comparison with.

**rote** (iv. 3. 98), lit. a beaten track. The same word as *route*, a way beaten or broken through forest. See *rout*.

**rout** (i. 2. 78), mob, herd; otherwise the breaking up of an army. The idea of disorder and of mixture, where ranks are not observed, is the predominant one. Lat. *ruptum*, broken.

**rude** (iii. 2. 33), uncivilized, barbarous.

**rumour** (ii. 4. 18), noise. Lat. *rumor*, report.

**sake** (iii. 2. 70, 71), *for Brutus' sake*, thanks to Brutus.

**scandal** (i. 2. 76), defame. *Scandal* and *slander* are both derived, through Lat. *scandalum*, from Gr. σκάνδαλον, stumbling-block.

**schedule** (iii. 1. 3), note, piece of paper. Lat. *schedula*.

**security** (ii. 3. 8), confidence. Lat. *se* (privative), *cura*, care.

**sennet** (i. 2. 24), a particular set of notes on a trumpet. The same word as *signet*, and related to *signal*. Lat. *signum*, sign.

**shadow** (i. 2. 58), reflection.

**shrewd** (ii. 1. 158; iii. 1. 146), crafty, keen. O. E. *schrewe*, wicked, sharp.

**sky** (i. 3. 39), used here in the sense of "atmosphere."

**slanderous** (iv. 1. 20), calumnious. See *scandal*.

**slight** (iv. 1. 12), insignificant.

**smatch** (v. 5. 46), smack, taste.

**soil** (i. 2. 42), tarnish, blemish.

**speed** (i. 2. 88), prosper (trans.). The primary sense of the noun is "success."

**stale** (i. 2. 73; iv. 1. 38), make common.

**stare** (iv. 3. 280), stand stiff. *Fixity* is the primary idea of the word; connected with *stand*, Lat. *stare*.

**stay** (v. 1. 107), await.

**stomach** (v. 1. 66), courage (derived from sense, "appetite").

**strain** (v. 1. 59), race. O.E. *streónan*, "beget."

**success** (ii. 2. 6; v. 3. 65), fortune, whether good or bad. Like *fortune* and *luck* the word gradually acquired the favorable sense in place of the undecided one. Lat. *succedere*, follow.

**sufferance** (ii. 1. 115), suffering, distress.

**sway** (i. 3. 3), established order.

**swear** (ii. 1. 129, 131; v. 3. 38), cause to swear.

**swounded** (i. 2. 249), swooned. Later form of *swoun*, now *swoon*, with excrescent *d*, as in *sound*, *bound*.

**thews** (i. 3. 81), muscles.

**thorough** (iii. 1. 136; v. 1. 110), through. The two words were originally the same, representing two different developments of O. E. *ðurh*. In Shakespeare's time they were interchangeable; the distinction of meaning has arisen later.

**to-night** (ii. 2. 1, 76), last night.

**unbraced** (i. 3. 48), unfastened, or loosely fastened (referring to the doublet).

**unluckily** (iii. 3. 2), with evil omens.

**unmeritable** (iv. 1. 12), undeserving.

**use** (ii. 2. 25), custom, precedent.

**ventures** (iv. 3. 224), that which is adventured, more especially on board ship; and so sometimes of the vessels themselves.

**vouchsafe** (iii. 1. 130), guarantee, avouch secure. So, from persons in absolute authority being the only ones who can give such security, which involves condescension, it comes to mean "condescend to grant," or (ii. 1. 313) "condescend to receive."

**wafture** (ii. 1. 246), waving. The word does not occur elsewhere.

**warn** (v. 1. 5), summon.

**when** (ii. 1. 5), interjection expressive of impatience.

**whit** (ii. 1. 148), thing. O. E. *wiht;* the same word as *wight*.

**wind** (iv. 1. 32), turn, wheel around (term of horsemanship).

**wives** (iii. 1. 97), women.

**worthless** (v. 1. 61), not deserving.

**yearn** (ii. 2. 129), grieve. The Folio in this passage reads *earnes*, another form of the same word, or else the same word without the prefix *y-* (O. E. *ge-*). In Shakespeare's time more or less confused with the wholly unrelated word *yearn*, to long (for).

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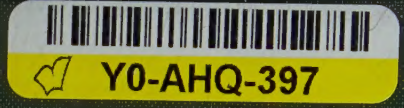
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